

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 861, Vol. 33.

April 27, 1872.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

AS it is ascertained that the latest American despatch will arrive in London early next week, the Ministers probably exercised a sound discretion in declining to answer questions as to their intentions if the answer should prove to be unsatisfactory. It is well known that, in accordance with general expectation, the American Cabinet has adhered to the determination of presenting the indirect claims to the Geneva Tribunal. It is well that Parliament should plainly indicate to the Government the policy in which it represents the universal opinion of the country. There is no reason to distrust the assurances given by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE that the Government has never wavered in the decision which was announced on the first night of the Session; and if it is true that the United States positively refuse to withdraw from their false position, it would be almost impossible that the English Ministers should retract. The general anxiety as to their firmness relates to the contingency of some overture on the other side of a compromise which must be necessarily unsatisfactory. An offer to fix a maximum amount, which the Arbitrators should not be entitled to exceed, might possibly have furnished a temptation to statesmen who are naturally solicitous to prevent their Treaty from becoming utterly abortive; but any admission of the principle of the preposterous demands which were invented by Mr. SUMNER would be entirely inconsistent with national self-respect. The original departure from the meaning of the Treaty could in no way justify a proposal that the powers conferred on the Arbitrators should be even partially extended. It would seem that the opinion of the more enlightened classes in the United States differs little from the universal conviction which prevails in England. Even the most determined opponents of concession admit that no serious argument could be urged in favour of the claim on account of the pretended prolongation of the war. The obvious inference that the demand ought to be abandoned is only drawn by politicians of calm judgment, and some cultivation of taste is required to appreciate the ill-bred acrimony of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's mischievous invention. It seems to be the popular wish that the whole question should be referred to the Tribunal, in full confidence that the indirect claims would be summarily rejected. It is not surprising that the immediate issue should be misapprehended by careless or imperfectly informed minds. That a litigant who is certain that he is in the right should refuse to abide by an impartial judgment would be unreasonable if human tribunals were infallible; but an appeal to an arbitrator involves the implied possibility that he may decide for either party. If the English Government were to proceed with the reference, protesting at the same time against the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, the Americans would resent more bitterly a refusal to abide by any judgment which might be delivered than a preliminary withdrawal. It must also be remembered that the Arbitrators have the power of awarding a sum in gross for damages; and that they would not be bound to apportion their award between the legitimate and the inadmissible portion of the claims.

The Government judged rightly in preparing and presenting at Geneva the Counter Case which will remain on record as the English answer to a large portion of the American claims. The advantage which the adverse litigant may perhaps attempt to take of a further recognition of the authority of the Tribunal would probably have been sought by other means, if the pleadings had terminated at an earlier stage. Neither party was bound to answer the original argument on the other side, and the American agents might have contended that the English Government had elected to rely on its own first statement of facts and arguments, and on the un-

doubted weakness of the act of accusation. The second part of the pleadings displays the same contrast which was so remarkable on the former occasion, but the American draughtsman is perhaps a little less vituperative than in the original Case, and the English agent is sometimes forced to express a polite surprise at the preposterous doctrines which are propounded by his opponent. All reference to the indirect claims is properly and carefully excluded from the English answer, but the whole of the first American Case, with the exception of half-a-dozen pages at the end, teems with pretensions only less intolerable than the demand for damages for the prolongation of the war, because they are perhaps not outside the terms of the reference; yet it is difficult to understand how the claims for losses caused by the *Sumter* and other Confederate vessels fitted out in their own ports can be said to arise from the acts of the *Alabama* and her consorts. The American agent is apparently unable to understand that the belligerents whom he thinks fit to designate as rebels were, after the issue of the QUEEN'S Proclamation, as fully entitled as the Government of the United States to claim the performance of all neutral duties. In the late European war the German Government attempted, with little success, to introduce into public law the novel element of benevolent neutrality; but it is scarcely necessary to argue that impartiality is not compatible with a practical preference of either belligerent. The English Government, if it had been capriciously or litigiously disposed, might have suggested that many matters besides the indirect claims are submitted to the Arbitrators although they had never been included in the reference. Proofs of the pretended unfairness and ill-will of the English Government are utterly irrelevant to the question of damage arising out of the acts of certain vessels. It would be idle to engage in a controversy whether the English Government wished well or ill to the United States, because the Tribunal has no power to award damages for any kind of feelings. On the assumption that the inquiry may by some possibility still proceed, it would be improper to discuss by anticipation the arguments which really bear on the issue. If American politicians could be induced to study the English Counter Case, they would perhaps be surprised to find how much is to be said against doctrines which they have been accustomed to regard as obvious and unquestionable. It may be fairly asserted that the English agents have done justice to their case; and they have, unlike their opponents, carefully avoided any unnecessary imputations on the conduct and motives of the hostile litigant.

When the English Government has finally retired from the inquiry, the American agents will probably urge on the Tribunal that it is bound to proceed *ex parte* with the reference. It is a question of secondary interest whether a body of persons whose judicial authority has, according to the English contention, wholly lapsed, will think proper to engage in a laborious and useless investigation. It is possible that the Arbitrators may deem themselves competent to give judgment on the scope of the reference; and it may be presumed that the result of an inquiry into the meaning of the Treaty would be a recognition of the right of England to decline their jurisdiction. If the Tribunal enters into the merits of the question, its award will necessarily be disregarded by the English Government if even the smallest amount of damages is given on account of the direct or indirect claims. A decision absolutely in favour of England would be witnessed with satisfaction; but it would not operate as a settlement of the American dispute. The people and Government of the United States would in such a contingency angrily and reasonably declare that England was entitled to no benefit from a decision which would not have been acknowledged as

valid if it had been of an opposite character. Unless some change takes place in the policy of the United States within a fortnight or three weeks, the Treaty, as far as it provides for the *Alabama* arbitration, will have utterly and finally failed. The Americans may, if they think fit, agree nevertheless to maintain the other provisions of the Treaty, including the San Juan reference to arbitration and the complicated question of the Canadian fisheries. The English Government having, by no recent fault of its own, failed to settle the main controversy, would gladly set at rest any minor disputes which might otherwise serve as causes of a quarrel; but the Americans would have a right to retire from all the engagements of a Treaty which had in one of its principal provisions unfortunately proved inoperative. There can be little doubt that they would prefer to keep all disputed questions open. It was only in consideration of the appointment of the High Commission to treat for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims that the PRESIDENT consented to negotiate on the Canadian fisheries or on the San Juan boundary. The same motives will induce his Government to withdraw its reference to the German EMPEROR, notwithstanding Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's courtly professions of admiration for the august Arbitrator. Congress will probably refuse to pass the laws which were necessary to give effect to the Canadian provisions of the Treaty; and thus both parties will be relegated to the position of unfriendly doubt from which they believed themselves to have emerged. It may be hoped that, notwithstanding the menacing peroration of the American Counter Case, there is no immediate danger of a war which would be one of the most grievous of crimes on one part and of misfortunes on both; yet it is impossible not to feel anxiety in the knowledge that a conspirator or a hot-headed fanatic may perpetrate by land or sea some outrage on English subjects or the English flag which it would be impossible to tolerate. A malignant faction in the United States is bent on the forcible annexation of Canada, and the first step to the gratification of its cupidity would be a rupture on any pretext.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. FAWCETT.

THE course pursued this week by the Government has occasioned much irritation and excitement. The *Daily News* was instructed or authorised to publish on Monday morning an alarming manifesto, informing the world that before another Sunday came, a Conservative Government might be in office, with the prospect of a long lease of power. The Cabinet, it was stated, had decided last Saturday to make the carrying of Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction to divide Mr. FAWCETT's Bill into two parts a test of the confidence of the House in the Government, and had resolved that, if beaten, they would resign. Apart from the mode in which they chose to make this announcement, and from their previous treatment of the question of the Dublin University, the Government came to the right conclusion, we think, as to the line they were to take on the matter. They are quite entitled to say that Irish education is a subject which, to be dealt with satisfactorily, must be dealt with by the Government of the day. They are right in opposing Mr. FAWCETT's Bill as a partial and ineffectual method of solving a very difficult problem. They are right in saying that it was impossible for them to take up the large and thorny subject of Irish education this Session. They are also right, if they think proper, in declining to state in detail how they will treat the subject when they do take it up. Further, if they are to defeat Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, they must treat its possible success as a very serious matter, for it secures the assent of a large number of Liberals, and of the majority of the Conservative party; and, if the Government did not make a great point of winning, they would be sure to be defeated. The Government knew that, if left to itself, the House would have rejected Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction. The Bill is at once a Liberal Bill and a Conservative Bill, and is therefore very strongly supported. To oppose it is to incur the reproach with English and Scotch constituencies of being an ally of the Ultramontane clergy; to support it is to clear away religious distinctions, to make a University self-governing to the governing body of which men of all creeds are eligible, and at the same time to give Protestantism a pleasing advantage by letting it start with the actual governing body under its control. No wonder, then, that the Bill is a popular Bill, and that the Government runs great risk in endeavouring to defeat it. It has indeed only one mode of defeating it, and that is by letting it be known that the continuance of the Ministry in office depends on the whole subject of Irish education being left in

its hands. The screw must be put on, and the screw has been put on, and effectually. Directly it became known that the Government would go out and that there would be in all probability a dissolution if Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction were not carried, two very powerful agencies began to work in favour of the Ministry. Liberals began to think with terror of losing their seats, of upsetting a Government of their friends, and of letting their enemies triumph. The Opposition also must necessarily have taken it into their consideration whether this was a question on which it would at all suit them to come into office, and we may be quite sure that they would have hesitated greatly before they would have staked their chances of success on the issue of an Irish question. They must mean, if they turn the Ministry out, to come into office, and if they come into office they will have to govern Ireland. Mr. DISRAELI knows how very difficult a business it is to govern Ireland, and he could not be placed in a worse position at the outset of a new Ministerial career than by having to take up the subject of Irish education after it had been made the battle-ground of party, and after circumstances had made its settlement by easy and pacific means almost impossible.

But although the Government was right in getting Mr. FAWCETT's Bill rejected by the only means at its command, the mode in which it has chosen to proceed is open to very serious objections. The whole system of manifestoes through special favoured newspapers is a bad one. A Prime Minister should either say what he has to say in Parliament, or should call his supporters together and explain his views openly and fully to them. Mr. GLADSTONE says that if he had waited till Mr. FAWCETT's Bill came on to state in how very serious a light the Government regarded its possible success, he would have been accused of using a menace. He certainly has not escaped this accusation by uttering his threats through the medium of the *Daily News*; and if he had candidly explained his mode of regarding the situation when Mr. FAWCETT's Bill came on, he would have so obviously been taking a line which he had a right to take that his party must have listened to his appeal. But he did something more than use a newspaper to make an important communication which he ought to have made himself; he refused to give Mr. FAWCETT an opportunity of trying the very question of the confidence of the House in the Government which he himself had chosen to raise in a most extraordinary way. This was both unfair and impolitic. Mr. GLADSTONE affected to treat the Dublin University Bill like any other Bill brought in by a private member, and told its author that he must get a day for pushing it forward when he could. But he himself had not treated this Bill in anything like the manner in which Bills brought in by private members are ordinarily treated. He had chosen, and properly chosen, to regard it as a very serious matter, so serious that it was necessary that the Government should point out very clearly the consequences which must ensue on their being defeated with regard to it. He threw down a challenge to the Opposition, and to the Liberals who in this matter go with the Opposition, and then seemed afraid to have this challenge accepted. It would have been far simpler and more straightforward to offer every facility for the discussion of what seemed in the eyes of his Cabinet a matter of extreme importance. A night or two would have been lost for the purposes of ordinary business, but he would have placed his Government in a much better position than that which it now occupies. As it is, the menace of resignation on a point which is carefully kept out of discussion has the air of being a general menace on all points of divergence between the Government and its supporters. Last week the Government sustained three severe defeats, and Mr. GLADSTONE is a Minister who does not like being defeated. If he wishes to remind his flock that he has got a rod in his hands, and will use it as he likes and when he likes, he could not have taken a more effectual means than to make a great parade of his intention to resign in the event of his being defeated in a contest which he was secretly determined should never begin. The Liberal members who dread a dissolution—and there are scores of them who do—have had a good fright, which Mr. GLADSTONE may hope will do them good and correct and determine their general behaviour. But this is a great strain to put on the attachment of a party, and even although it may answer for a time, it is sure to engender much bitterness, and to destroy the feelings of pride and confidence with which a leader should endeavour to inspire his supporters. Mr. GLADSTONE, too, if he had let Mr. FAWCETT's Bill come on in the usual course, and had then explained the views of his Government, would have had

an opportunity of indicating in general terms the policy of the Cabinet with regard to Irish education. No one has a right to ask that he should say what is the particular scheme for dealing with this subject which he may think the best. A Government should never pledge itself to details unless it puts them into the shape of a Bill. But the general principles on which a Government is prepared to treat a great question may be, and ought to be, indicated. If Mr. GLADSTONE had convinced Parliament and the country that he meant to deal with Irish education on just and liberal principles, accepting all that is good in what now exists, and having due regard to the religious feelings of the people without trucking to the Ultramontane clergy, and had then shown the shortcomings of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, he would have easily satisfied his party and the country that the whole subject had better be left in his hands and stand over until the time had arrived to treat it effectually, should he then be in office.

The main question at issue between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FAWCETT led to the discussion of two subsidiary points of some importance. It was said that the manner in which the Government had treated a Bill brought in by a private member made all efforts at such legislation impossible. If every Bill which the Government disapproves is to be snuffed out by the Government threatening to resign unless it is withdrawn, it cannot be worth while for any one except a member of the Government to try to bring in a Bill. There does not seem to be much foundation for this criticism. Bills brought in by private members are, speaking generally, only useful to a very limited extent. They are useful sometimes in order to air a new subject; sometimes to prepare the way for Government action by testing how the House regards a matter of minor importance; sometimes to get a subject on which the two Houses are not in accord debated in both, without the Government being defeated if the Bill is rejected by the Lords. As a general rule they may be regarded as hints for legislation submitted to the Government and the country to see what is thought of them. So long as they do not interfere too much with the course of public business they are convenient instruments for keeping up the freshness of political interest, and of bringing contributions from various quarters to the materials for political thought. It is the business for the Ministry to make the most of the conveniences, and to prevent as much as possible the inconveniences, that attend them. On the whole this is done by most Ministries with a tolerable degree of success, although, as more work is every year thrown on the Government, there is a growing determination on the part of Ministers to let Bills brought in by private members take up as little time as possible. Every now and then, however, there is a private member's Bill which affects to take out of the hands of the Ministry a subject of great importance with which it proposes itself to deal, and then the Ministry has to consider whether it can allow this to be done. If, as in the case of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, it decides that it must keep the subject under its own control, it has to regard this Bill in an exceptional manner, and get it defeated by the exercise of extraordinary power. The mass of Bills proposed by private members are in no danger of being treated as Mr. FAWCETT's Bill has been treated, because they do not present at all the same difficulties to the Government. On the other hand, there is equally little force in an objection made to Mr. FAWCETT that he was playing into the hands of the Opposition. If members of the Liberal party are to have any independence of thought and action, they must be allowed to give hints for legislation without too curiously inquiring whether the Government will disapprove, or the Opposition tender their support. If Mr. FAWCETT thinks that he has hit on the right mode of treating Dublin University, he is not to be blamed for submitting it to Parliament on the ground that Dr. BALL happens to be his way of thinking. Exactly the same reproach was brought against the Government during the passing of the Education Act. If neither a Liberal Ministry nor independent Liberal members were ever to support anything which Conservatives supported, the consequence would be that the Liberal party would be entirely under the control of the Government, and the Government would be entirely under the control of the extreme members of the Liberal party. Nothing could be more disastrous to a party which proposes to itself to be at once popular, practical, and progressive, and few members of the Liberal party have done more than Mr. FAWCETT has done to prevent it from assuming a character so unworthy of it.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

REPORTS were circulated a few days ago that Prince BISMARCK was most seriously displeased with the utterances of M. THIERS, that the Germans were afraid a French war of revenge was going to begin at once, and that an order had been sent from Berlin to Versailles commanding the French to lay aside such wild notions and behave with proper modesty and submission. Shortly afterwards it was discovered that Count ARNIM, the supposed bearer of this message, had not left Berlin, and the official journals of France and Germany loudly contradicted the whole story. It is impossible to discover whether a newspaper Correspondent, anxious to achieve notoriety for himself and his employers, bases sensational telegrams on a minute fraction of fact or on no facts whatever. The general and public relations of the countries about the policy of which reports are spread is much the best guide in testing the probability or improbability of what is alleged. No doubt M. THIERS a short time ago seemed inclined to stimulate the military ardour of his countrymen, and to encourage them with the hope that they would soon have a large and well organized army at their disposal. In a moment of great financial embarrassment he has also thought it wise to increase, rather than to diminish, the military expenditure of France. But the French, not the Germans, are the persons entitled to object to a policy which threatens to draw them from the consideration of what it is primarily necessary for them to do in the present very painful position of their country, and which seriously increases the enormous burden of their taxation. So long as they fulfil their engagements to Germany, that is all that Germany has a right to look for at their hands. Prince BISMARCK has over and over again declared that Germany has no claim to meddle in the internal affairs of France, or to keep her permanently humiliated. If France does but pay a hundred and twenty millions sterling more, she is perfectly free to arrange her taxation and organize her army as she pleases. The raising of this huge sum is a matter of deep interest and difficulty to the French Government, but it is entirely for the French Government to decide how it shall be done. It may be wise to put the country in good spirits, and to fascinate it with the hope of being at an early date as strong in a military point of view as it ever was, in order that it may cheerfully make the efforts and bear the sacrifices which the raising of the rest of the German indemnity will require. If there was the slightest reason to suppose that the French Government had no real intention of paying the promised sum, and was seeking in a new war the means of escaping from it, Germany would of course have a right to remonstrate, and, in case of need, to act, in order to secure what is due to her. But the French Government is notoriously doing everything it possibly can to pay the remainder of the indemnity long before it is due. There is, indeed, only one ground on which Prince BISMARCK may have thought himself justified in whispering a word of caution to M. THIERS. It is exceedingly desirable for both countries that the relations between the conquerors and the conquered in the occupied districts should not be rendered more painful and perilous than they are now, and if the French Government were supposed to be encouraging the French people to speak and think of a war of revenge, the population of the occupied districts might be stimulated to words and deeds against the German soldiery which would necessitate very severe and hostile measures in return. Possibly a representation to this effect may have been made by the German Government, but Prince BISMARCK knows perfectly well what he is and what he is not entitled to ask, and he is not at all likely to have issued an edict forbidding France to do anything which by the Treaty she is at perfect liberty to do.

When the indemnity has been paid in full, the French army will be raised, organized, equipped, paid, and stationed exactly as France may think best, and Germany will not have a word to say. When the armies of two neighbouring countries have acquired what may be termed their normal position, a change in that position is generally thought a ground for inquiry as to the motives of the Government which thus shows that it has some new designs to work out. If Russia were to place her army suddenly on a war footing, and hurry large bodies of troops into Poland, and draw them up on the German frontier, the Court of Berlin would naturally and properly ask what was meant by this strange and alarming conduct. But the French army has not as yet got a normal position, although, when the proper time comes, it will of course proceed to have one. France will settle for herself how many troops she likes to keep on a war footing, how they shall be armed, and where

they shall be placed. It will be absolutely necessary for France to employ a great portion of her military strength to protect herself against Germany, and the Germans have no right to object to this. The most furious German will allow that France has a clear right to make any preparation she pleases to protect herself against a German attack. But now that Metz is in German hands, the military preparations needed to make France tolerably safe against such an attack will be of a very extensive kind. New fortresses will have to be built, and large garrisons formed at no great distance from the frontier. There is no help for this. Germany may at first be disquieted by seeing the military strength of France turned in a direction that seems to point to a renewal of hostilities, and nervous persons and alarmists and sensational telegraphists will find abundant opportunities of discovering that things look very serious, and that the war of revenge is going to begin in twenty-four hours. But the Germans have in the main quite sense enough to see that they must put up with the consequences of having taken Metz and driven France behind the Vosges. They have taken away the French frontier because they considered it a useful, serviceable frontier, and thought they should like it themselves. They have forced France to make a new frontier, and the very object of all their efforts has been to deprive France of the possibility of having a frontier nearly so good for military purposes as that which Germany now possesses. But France will, they must be aware, try to make the best of the bad frontier she has got; and, in order not to be wholly at the mercy of Germany, France will have to make very elaborate and expensive preparations, to employ the services of a great many men, to spend a vast amount of money, to think much and to work hard. Metz, it must be remembered, is the key of Eastern France, and this key is in the hands of the enemy. In order to get this commanding situation, Germany thought it worth while to face the certainty of the bitter hostility of France for years to come, the anxiety of holding in permanent subjugation an unquestionably French population, and the reproaches of a large portion of Europe. France, having lost the key of her Eastern provinces, and seeing her enemy in a position of such extreme advantage, cannot fail to wish that, if she cannot have the excellent defence on the East that she once had, she shall have the best that ingenuity and perseverance and courage and money can give her. Not only, therefore, has Germany no title whatever to complain of the military arrangements now being made in France, so long as the position of Germany in the occupied districts is not made worse, and so long as the indemnity is paid at the stipulated time; but, after she has got her money and her troops are gone home, she is bound to bear with equanimity the spectacle of France making great military preparations of a defensive kind on her immediate border.

If Germany can keep calm while France is doing all that she has a right to do, the rest of Europe will learn to read alarmist reports with serene indifference. That Germany will for a number of years, to which no limit can be assigned, have to make counter preparations, and to think constantly of a new war, and provide against it, is obvious. This was the state of things to which Germany looked forward, and which she deliberately chose as better for herself than foregoing Metz and the frontier of the Vosges. With that frontier, and with such a fortress as Metz, Germany calculated on being able to defy France for the future. If this was a wise choice and a prudent calculation, the vague projects of a war of revenge, which fill so naturally the French mind, have nothing in them disquieting to Germany. The French will get together a large army; so will the Germans; the French will buy the best guns, select the best generals, train their men in the best way; so will the Germans. Unless some unforeseen cause, the very nature of which cannot be imagined, interferes to give France an unlooked-for superiority, the end of all the efforts that France can possibly make will be that she will have a very large and very good army in a bad position, and Germany would have a very large and very good army in a good position. No position that France can secure will in the least equal that held by Germany; but it will be necessary for France, unless she is again to court a crushing defeat, to have a position tolerably good. In order to attain such a position she must labour perseveringly for years. The Germans have now, it is said, an army the nominal strength of which is a million and a half of men. They are devoting unceasing efforts and boundless stores of French money to equipping, training, and arming this army in the most perfect manner that experience can suggest or science devise. They have the advantage of being commanded by the greatest general of modern times, and, when they lose him,

they will at least have the advantage of being commanded by men brought up in his school, and accustomed to act under his guidance. Lastly, with a vast array of fortresses as a second line of defence, they hold Metz and the Vosges frontier. Add these things together, and they make a total which shows how enormous is the task that France has to encounter if she wishes to be on anything like an equality with Germany. The Belgians might as well try to take Metz as the French until the whole military force of France is totally altered from what it is now. That some such change may not some day occur is what no one can venture to say. But it is very easy to underrate the difficulties that lie in the way of such a change. France is at present in sore perplexity how to take the first step towards it. Far from having an army at all likely to take Metz, the French cannot as yet determine what a French army ought to be. M. THIERS does not at all like the discussion of the subject in the Chamber. He has asked that it may be put off for three weeks, and has declared that there are several points on which he thinks quiet discussion with a Committee far preferable to open discussion before the Assembly. A large party in the Assembly wishes that every Frenchman should be made to fight, and that there should be a new army in France after the Prussian pattern. M. THIERS, and probably the majority of the Assembly, think that the old system is the best, and that there should be special people whose business it is to fight. Both parties, when they talk of the army of the future, think of it quite as much with reference to the exigencies of internal politics as with reference to a war of revenge. It is impossible for sensible Germans to be much alarmed at present, when such is the state of things in France; and they may be sure that Prince BISMARCK knows his business and theirs too well to be making useless demonstrations merely to show his importance and to fill his country with anxiety.

PROTESTANT ALARMS AND CATHOLIC GRIEVANCES.

NEITHER Mr. NEWDEGATE's Bill for the vexation of monks and nuns, nor Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN's Religious Disabilities Bill, is a measure of vital importance; but toleration is, as it deserves to be, at present more in fashion than persecution. The Roman Catholics have of late years, through the prevalence of a policy hateful to their Church, got rid of all but one or two of the traces of the suspicion with which they were formerly regarded by the nation and the Legislature. Notwithstanding the imprudent resistance of the late Lord DERBY, the distinctive oaths which were imposed at the date of Catholic Emancipation were abolished several years ago. In the last Session the silly Act which was passed during the Papal Aggression panic was, after several abortive attempts, repealed. It is now as lawful for a man to assume a clerical title to which he has no legal right as to call himself a Count or a Baron, or to designate himself as "The 'MULLIGAN,'" or "The O'TOOLE"; yet, carefully looking round for a religious grievance, Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN has discovered that a Roman Catholic can neither be Lord Chancellor of Great Britain nor Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the Bill by which he proposes to remove the disability he takes the opportunity of including a clause for the exemption of religious orders from the penalties to which they are nominally subject. Only the most furious Protestants would approve of a prosecution under the existing law of a Jesuit or a Dominican, but to some minds a legislative protest against a practice or institution of which they disapprove furnishes a strange consolation. It is pleasant to think that a monk is at the mercy of a common informer, although no one dreams of enforcing the law. It was by a singular coincidence that the House of Commons found itself in two successive sittings engaged in the discussion of monastic and conventual establishments. Ordinary Englishmen regard ascetic communities of men bound by irrevocable vows with a contemptuous repugnance which is a better security than any law against the spread of religious Orders. The sentimental classes draw a distinction, which is not altogether unfounded, between monks and nuns. The involuntary recognition of the inequality of the sexes which defies all the efforts of advocates of the rights of women encourages the opinion that an unwise and narrowing mode of life is less discredit to the weaker sex. On the other hand, Mr. NEWDEGATE himself would perhaps allow that a full-grown monk stands less in need of legal protection than a helpless girl who has been coaxed or frightened into the adoption of the so-called religious life. The Jesuits more especially are regarded

by the zealous Protestant rather with terror than with compassion. The superhuman craft which they are supposed to possess, their strict discipline, and their steady prosecution of the objects of their association, command a certain kind of respect. There is perhaps a certain resemblance between the celebrated Order and the more modern organizations which, like the International Society, are engaged in a permanent conspiracy against law and secular government. The Jesuits have for the present at their disposal a more effective instrument than the force of any revolutionary club. The POPE is, unless he is greatly belied, habitually guided in his spiritual and temporal policy by the Order which has from the first devoted itself to the aggrandizement of the Holy See; but it is at Rome, and not in England, that the Jesuits exercise the power which renders them troublesome or formidable.

Mr. NEWDEGATE is once more engaged in the task of trying to deprive English convents of the trust funds which may have been given or bequeathed for their support. The whole amount is probably trifling, but the secrecy which is maintained by the trustees and beneficiaries especially moves Mr. NEWDEGATE's curiosity and indignation. The trust funds are in the hands of persons in whose honour their co-religionists feel a confidence which is probably seldom misplaced; but an enemy of the system ought to find gratification in the possible risks to which monastic property is exposed. The patience of the Committee which investigated a part of the question in 1871 was exhausted by the fruitless pertinacity of Mr. NEWDEGATE's questions and cross-examinations; but it would be unreasonable to expect that he should be convinced of his error in persisting against the unanimous remonstrance of his colleagues. His present Bill, as he must be well aware, will never be passed into a law; but it for the moment frees a righteous soul of its burden, and it possesses the additional merit of having annoyed a few Irish members. There would have been much excuse for a rejection of the Bill in the first instance, especially when the proposer delivered an elaborate speech on the motion for leave to bring in the Bill; but ultimately Mr. NEWDEGATE had his way, and, if he is fortunate, he will have one more opportunity of repeating his charges against religious Orders. Even the imaginary wealth of English convents is less obnoxious to their assailant than the moral coercion to which their inmates are perhaps exposed. It is not easy to understand the bearing of a story of a German, falsely reported to be dead, who had some difficulty in tracing his daughter to a convent. An Englishman in similar circumstances might have adopted precisely the same course with equal facilities for reclaiming the fugitive, if she were willing to return home, or if she was a minor. The well-known case of a nun who refused to leave a religious life which she disliked, through fear of the disapproval of her friends and family, offers no proof of intimidation. The same kind of moral pressure is constantly applied to the relations of secular life, as when a young woman is deterred from a marriage of disparagement by the knowledge that the gratification of her own impulse will be followed by a separation from her family; but there is no use in arguing against impressions which have been proof against argument through a long and respectable life.

Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN'S Bill has naturally excited the alarm of a body called the Protestant Alliance. As the Secretary remarks, in a little pamphlet published on behalf of the Society:—"The question is no longer whether a fugitive 'Pope may, as a private person, find refuge in free England, but whether the Papacy itself is to be imported into the British Empire, and whether the people and Government of this country, hitherto Protestant, shall for the future be Popish—with all that history teaches—that means, 'priestly tyranny, superstition and national death.'" The English nation is about to be converted to Popery, partly by the removal of the chains which fetter the activity of the Jesuits and other religious Orders, but chiefly in consequence of the frightful proposal that Roman Catholics should become eligible for the offices of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Priestly tyranny, superstition, and national death would already have overspread the land if Lord HATHERLEY, Lord WESTBURY, or Lord SPENCER had unhappily professed the Roman Catholic faith. It happens, indeed, that an eminent member of the Romish Church is at this moment Lord Chancellor of Ireland, not perhaps to the satisfaction of the Protestant Alliance; but even before the passing of the Disestablishment Bill, the Irish Church possessed no ecclesiastical patronage, whereas some hundreds of livings, and half-a-dozen canonries, are in the gift of the English Chancellor. The Bill indeed contains a clause by which a Roman Catholic Chancellor is divested of the

ecclesiastical patronage of his office, which is to be administered by a Judge of the Superior Courts; but it is hardly necessary to say that the craft of the Jesuits and their disciples would be equal to the evasion of any restrictive enactment. The Lord-Lieutenant has no longer a vicarage to bestow; but there is a more plausible case against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to the government of Ireland than to the promotion of a Roman Catholic lawyer to the woolsack. Many years ago a liberal-minded Minister sent a zealous Roman Catholic to govern a colonial community which was deeply attached to the same religious persuasion. The consequence was an undue deference to clerical instigation, and a temporary aggravation of sectarian animosity. A wise Minister would take care that a Roman Catholic Lord-Lieutenant was, like a layman in France or Italy, entirely indifferent to the approval or censure of Cardinal CULLEN or any other spiritual authority. At the worst the Lord-Lieutenant is less powerful than the Irish Secretary, and he is under the orders of the Home Secretary; nor is there any law against the tenure of either or both offices by a Roman Catholic. The Lord Chancellor appoints a certain number of incumbents, but the Prime Minister, who makes bishops and deans, may hold any religious opinions which he prefers. Mr. WHALLEY, indeed, periodically accuses Mr. GLADSTONE of being a Roman Catholic, if not a Jesuit in disguise. It is hardly worth while to affront susceptible Roman Catholics by the maintenance of an arbitrary and isolated disability. The expediency of raising the question at the present moment is more questionable than the justice of the measure; but perhaps the Roman Catholics are the best judges of the importance which may be attached to the slightest badge of inferiority. A more solid and far more irremediable hardship consists in the obstinate prejudice of English and Scotch constituencies against Roman Catholic candidates. Several Jews occupy seats in Parliament without discredit to themselves or disadvantage to their constituencies, and one of them is a law officer of the Crown. Since the Papal aggression of 1851 only one Roman Catholic has represented an independent constituency in Great Britain. The exclusion of Roman Catholic lawyers from Parliament greatly diminishes their chance of rising to the woolsack.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE settlement of the order of business is not a matter about which the French Assembly usually gives itself much trouble. It is quite content that M. THIERS should play the part of the householder in the Gospel, and bring out of his treasury things new or old at his pleasure. On Tuesday the PRESIDENT had an additional claim on the forbearance and confidence of the Chamber. He was suffering from a cold caught in the service of his country during the recess. But the rumoured ill-feeling between the French and German Governments roused the Assembly to something like interest as to the place which M. THIERS meant to give to the Army Bill. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR urged the superior importance of the new taxes and of the reorganization of the Council of State. M. GAMBETTA insisted that nothing so much concerned France as her military reorganization. The PRESIDENT thought it necessary to mount the tribune in person in order to answer M. GAMBETTA. He alleged three reasons why it was essential that the Army Bill should be postponed. In the first place, the Government and the Committee were not yet agreed on the details of the measure, and a little delay might lead to their becoming agreed. In the next place, if the disagreement between them should remain, there were political reasons why the issue should be fought out three weeks hence rather than now. In the third place, he would have to make a speech, perhaps many speeches, and nobody could expect him to speak with a cold in the head. There was ample matter for speculation in this mysterious little statement; but where very simple reasons exist for the postponement which M. THIERS desires, it is needless to go far afield in search of others. The cold in his head, of course, is not a simple reason, for it has long been a maxim of politics that statesmen are never ill without a purpose. But at this moment it would have been difficult to carry on the discussion of the Army Bill without some reference to the recent rumours. Whether this reference had taken the form of direct questions addressed to the Government, or of declamation against the attitude supposed to be assumed by Germany, would not have made much difference to M. THIERS. An excited Assembly is the worst possible partner in the conduct of negotiations which, however much their importance may have been

exaggerated, must still require delicate handling. Three weeks hence M. THIERS may be able to report favourably of the intentions of the German Government as regards the evacuation of the occupied departments, and to provide food for patriotic enthusiasm in the shape of a new loan. The reference to the difference still existing between the Government and the Committee was probably made in perfect good faith. M. THIERS holds very firmly by an idea which he has once taken up, and his interest in military affairs is second only—if it be second—to his interest in politics. He may be trusted to fight to the last against the proposal of the Committee to abolish substitutes and to make personal service universal and compulsory. It is not likely that he will succeed, because upon this question the Right will be reinforced by the Left, and the PRESIDENT will not be able to play off one part of the Chamber against the other. The Assembly and M. THIERS are equally anxious to have a strong army, and probably are not much at variance as to the use they hope to make of it. But the Assembly can wait with more patience than M. THIERS, inasmuch as many of the deputies are young, and those that are not young are not impulsive. It is quite possible to have a sincere wish for the rehabilitation of your country, and at the same time to prefer that your sons rather than yourself should be the instruments appointed for the work. When the Israelites were in the Desert, some of the old men may have accepted with pious equanimity the forty years' respite which denied them a share in the conquest of Canaan. Nor can M. GAMBETTA be blamed if, believing that an army organized on the Prussian system will in the long run make France more powerful than any other, he is not sorry that by the time the new army is ready the power of directing its operations may have passed from M. THIERS to himself. Upon the need of an army there is a remarkable agreement between all sections of the Assembly. There have been some symptoms during the week of a wish—to be traced perhaps to Bonapartist inspiration—to breed discord between M. THIERS and the Republicans by representing him as designing the army for no other purpose than to keep the French people in order. Fortunately no such intention seems to be attributed to the PRESIDENT by the Left.

The hatred of M. GAMBETTA displayed on all occasions by the French Conservatives is neither creditable nor intelligible. Even so grave and moderate an organ as the *Journal des Débats* cannot speak of him with its usual composure. The one part of the war which did any honour to France was the part which was mainly organized by M. GAMBETTA's energy. He found the nation prostrated by the capitulation of Sedan, and he undertook to raise it up again. It was impossible that any man should not make great mistakes in compassing a task of this magnitude, and M. GAMBETTA's temperament naturally tended to exaggerate such mistakes. But the work he had in hand was one which needed something more than coolness and judgment, and though it would have been better if these virtues could have been combined with those which he actually possessed, it is hardly fair to blame a politician because he does not exhibit in his own person a union of qualities which is not seen once in a century. After every deduction has been made from M. GAMBETTA's reputation, it must still be set down to his honour that he did not despair of France when there was every apparent reason to do so, and that by an extraordinary effort he succeeded in giving her a chance of retrieving her position, which, small as it may have been, seemed absolutely unattainable when he descended from his balloon at Tours. It is a strange complaint in the mouth of a Frenchman that M. GAMBETTA was not content to let Sedan be the last act of the war. It is possible, no doubt, that better terms might have been obtained then than were to be had six months later. But the increasing severity of the German conditions as the war went on is in a great measure accounted for by the fact that, under M. GAMBETTA's guidance, France showed herself a more formidable enemy than the Germans had at first supposed. If the nation had sat down contentedly after Sedan, and acquiesced in a moderate loss of territory and a moderate penalty in money, there would have been good ground for supposing that its spirit had really been broken by twenty years of Imperialism. The campaigns on the Loire and in the North were conclusive evidence of the falsehood of this theory. Though military training and military resources were both wanting, there was no lack of military spirit. The raw recruits who followed CHANZY and FAYDHERBE wanted only a little breathing space and one chance gleam of victory to make them good soldiers. The French Conservatives must have forgotten these facts, or they would never speak of M. GAMBETTA

as the author of a great part of the misfortunes of France, and confound in a common condemnation the men who began the war and the men who continued it.

As regards M. GAMBETTA's Parliamentary conduct, the worst that can be said of it is that he rarely speaks. Considering how fluent an orator he is, it argues considerable self-restraint that he has been able to play this part. It is the fashion with the Right to attribute this self-restraint to a conscious incapacity for practical politics, but it is more charitable and probably truer to set it down to a desire not to embarrass the Government. M. GAMBETTA's Republicanism is of a different type from that of M. THIERS, but if he believes M. THIERS to be genuinely determined to establish the Republic, he may fairly be anxious not to impede this process by giving needless publicity to the distinction. His latest offence in the eyes of the Right is his telling the people of Angers and Havre that the Assembly no longer represents the country. To English ears this seems a very mild sentiment indeed. The same thing is said of the present House of Commons in every Conservative newspaper. Even in France there is no way of punishing M. GAMBETTA for giving utterance to this terrible doctrine; but the mayors of the two towns are public functionaries, and as such they can be censured for having anything to do with party demonstrations except such as are got up by the Government for the time being. This minimum of condemnation M. RAOUL DUVAL has succeeded in extracting from M. LEFRANC. Henceforth mayors may say that the present Assembly represents the country better than any other that could be elected either now or at any future time, without being considered to have transgressed the limits of political impartiality. But if they hint that the composition of an Assembly elected for a special purpose and under special circumstances can be improved upon when the purpose has been accomplished and the circumstances have changed, they will be set down as wanting in respect for law and order. When M. THIERS finds the Assembly impracticable, M. LEFRANC's reading of a mayor's duties will perhaps be somewhat modified.

MR. CANDLISH'S MOTION.

THE Secularist party in the House of Commons made a strangely poor appearance on Tuesday night. In point of mere numbers, indeed, they have gained slightly during the past six weeks. The minority in favour of Mr. DIXON's motion on the 5th of March was 94; the minority in favour of Mr. CANDLISH's motion was 115. But the precise figures of a minority are not of much importance until there is something like an approach to an equal balance of parties. What is of importance is the grasp the speakers have of their subject, and the evidence they give of having forecast the consequences of their arguments. It is when these qualities are looked for that the debate of Tuesday comes out so badly. Mr. DIXON was not so much bound to possess them when he brought forward his Resolution on the character and working of the Education Act. He did not propose to repeal or alter any of the clauses; he aimed only at giving the Government an instruction as to the spirit in which they should address themselves to the work. But Mr. CANDLISH had a more ambitious end in view. He asked the House of Commons to strike out an important section from the Act, and the least that was to be expected of him was that he should state how he proposed to meet the difficulties created by such a step, or the reasons he had for thinking that the anticipated difficulties would not arise. So far as his speech went, the 25th clause of the Education Act might be so much mere surplusage. For example, it never seems to have occurred to Mr. CANDLISH that the 25th clause and the 14th clause must stand or fall together. It is not in human nature that A. should go on making payments to a school in which B.'s religion is taught, after B. has refused to make any payments to a school in which A.'s religion is taught. Yet this is precisely what would happen if a rate continued to be exacted from the Denominationalists by the managers of School Board schools, after it had been made illegal to pay any part of the rate to the managers of Denominational schools. In this respect Mr. CANDLISH is less consistent than Mr. DIXON. The motion of the 5th of March did propose to condemn the Education Act, not only because it allows School Boards to pay the fees in Denominational schools, but also because it "permits School Boards to use the money of the ratepayers for the purpose of imparting dogmatic religious instruction in schools established by local Boards." Mr. CANDLISH dropped all reference to this latter grievance.

and calmly suggested that the Roman Catholic ratepayer should continue to be taxed for the maintenance of Protestant schools after the Protestant ratepayer had refused to be taxed, not for the maintenance of Roman Catholic schools, but for the secular instruction of poor children attending Roman Catholic schools. The logical consequence, therefore, of his motion must have been the withdrawal of the liberty at present conceded to local Boards to give religious instruction in the schools they establish. We said in 1870 that this coexistence of voluntary schools teaching whatever religion they pleased, and of rate-supported schools giving only secular instruction, would have furnished the best attainable solution of the religious difficulty. But no one who is not blind to the clearest evidence of the course of popular sentiment can fail to see that even this partial recognition of secularism would have had no chance with Parliament or with the country. Mr. CANDLISH can hardly suppose that it would be more acceptable now than it was two years ago.

Those who spoke in defence of the motion were equally silent upon another important aspect of the question. Before long there will be some thousands of School Boards in existence, a large proportion of which will have undertaken to enforce the attendance at school of the children within their jurisdiction. In many cases the school accommodation already provided will be so nearly sufficient that the addition of one School Board school to the voluntary schools already in being will meet the wants of the case. This new school will of course be built either where the population is densest or where voluntary zeal has been least energetic. But in every considerable district there may be children whose parents are too poor to pay for their schooling, living in parts of the district where, owing to the abundant provision of voluntary schools, there is no call whatever for a School Board school. As these children are to be made to go to school, the cost of their schooling must be paid by the School Board. So long as the 25th clause remains in force no difficulty arises. The parents are ordered to send their children to the nearest voluntary school, and the Board pays the school fees to the managers. If the 25th clause were rescinded, the School Board would no longer be able to do this. The only way in which it could take upon itself the cost of a child's education would be to remit in its favour the fees charged at the School Board school. But in the part of the district where these children live there may be no School Board school, and, what is more, there may be none wanted. Either, therefore, the School Board must build an unnecessary school for the sole use of half-a-dozen children, or it must insist upon their being sent to its own school three miles off, though there may be a voluntary school within a few doors of them. As this difficulty has been repeatedly commended to the notice of the opponents of the 25th clause, and as they continue to take no notice of it, it must be supposed that Mr. CANDLISH and his friends see no objection to its being dealt with in one or other of these ways. In that case they cannot be complimented on their political foresight. What chance the Education Act would have in country districts when it was discovered that, in order to work it, the ratepayers would have to build schools and provide teachers where there was already a sufficient supply of both, may easily be guessed by those who have marked the increasing strength of the opposition to local taxation of all kinds. In such a case as has been suggested a School Board which built a school of its own in a part of the district where, except for the religious difficulty, there would be no need of a school, would have no chance whatever of re-election; and if there were many such instances, the clamour which would be raised against the Act would be such as to command the attention of the House of Commons, unless the Government found means to silence it by some measure of administrative relaxation. But even the feeling thus excited would be manageable in comparison with the wrath of mothers compelled to send their shoeless children three miles in snow or rain—passing perhaps three voluntary schools on their journey—because the School Board was forbidden to pay for their being taught reading and writing by a Denominational schoolmaster. A grievance like this well worked, and supported by a few opportune cases of actual hardship, would defeat any Act of Parliament. No majority would submit to have a great practical inconvenience imposed on them to gratify the groundless scruples of a minority. For it must always be remembered that we have to do with scruples which, however honest they may be, are still essentially illogical. There can be no more objection to a School Board buying secular instruction from the managers of

actuated by generous impulses, repeat in altered circumstances the warnings which once had a practical meaning.

The propriety of the motion on Cuba, or rather of Mr. HUGHES's speech, was more questionable than the justice of Sir F. GOLDSMID's remonstrance against the scandalous outrages perpetrated in Roumania. Although the treaty for the repression of the slave trade was in former times constantly and openly violated with the connivance of the Colonial Government of Cuba, Lord ENFIELD was able to state that during the last five years no cargoes of slaves have been landed on the island. With the extinction of the slave trade disappears the English right of intervention. Nor is it even for the interest of the negro population that Spanish pride should be enlisted on the side of slavery. The system which was maintained in the English colonies till 1834, and in the United States till 1864, must be assumed to involve no violation of international law. The English Government never affected to have a right of protesting against American slavery, either during the long-continued supremacy of the party which defended the system, or when Mr. LINCOLN offered to the seceding States the strongest guarantees for the perpetual maintenance of their favourite institution. It is not because Spain is less formidable than the United States that the dignity of a friendly and independent Government should be infringed even by a censorious speech in the House of Commons. It is true that the American Minister in Spain has been repeatedly instructed to urge the more rapid emancipation of the slaves in Cuba; but if the Government of Washington has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Cuba, it possesses a power of countenancing the rebellion and of promoting separation which renders its philanthropic sympathies at the same time suspicious and effective. It is not desirable that England, which has neither the ability nor the desire to dismember the Spanish dominions, should incur useless odium by verbal criticisms on the domestic policy of a foreign State. Mr. HUGHES and Serjeant SIMON, who seems to have been acquainted with Cuba for forty years, were not content with the traditional task of advocating the cause of negro slaves. They also took under their patronage the emigrants from China, and, with far less excuse, the white and coloured insurgents of Cuba. The military execution of a dozen students at Havannah seems, according to the newspaper reports, to have been an act of wanton cruelty; but it is difficult to imagine an outrage which less concerns the English Government or Parliament. A diplomatic remonstrance from Spain on the occasion of the Jamaica massacres would not have been gratefully received. Mr. HUGHES is simple-minded enough to attribute to purely philanthropic motives the sympathy of the Americans with the Cuban insurrection, although it is remarkable that the Government of the United States formerly took an equal interest in the affairs of Cuba on directly opposite pretences. During the administration of Mr. PIERCE, Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. SOULÉ, their Ministers at London and Madrid, were directed to hold a semi-public conference in Belgium to discuss the expediency of annexing Cuba in the interests of slavery; and Mr. BUCHANAN on succeeding to the Presidency openly recommended to Congress the acquisition of the island. A large party in the United States now aspire to the same object, because they are shocked at the proximity of a slave population, or for "any other reason why." Nevertheless, the American Government has not yet found that the insurgents have established any civil or military authority with which it is possible even to establish relations as with a regular belligerent. The convictions at which Mr. HUGHES has arrived by study, and Serjeant SIMON by acquaintance with the inhabitants of Cuba, may henceforth be advantageously withheld from Parliamentary discussion.

When gross inhumanity can be prevented or checked even by an irregular proceeding, it would be puritanical and absurd to insist on the observance of rigid political rules; and indeed it may be justly contended that where practical influence can be exercised it may be legitimately used for a benevolent purpose. The natural feeling which induces Sir F. GOLDSMID and Serjeant SIMON to resent the iniquitous treatment of the Jews in Roumania is the more worthy of respect because it is not incompatible with English patriotism. The outrages which they described bear the ordinary character of brutal fanaticism not unconnected with cupidity. The Jews in the Danubian Principalities, as elsewhere, are thrifty and prosperous; and they shock the Christian or Pagan associations of their idle and orthodox neighbours. The zeal of a pious mob of spendthrifts is quickened by an opportunity of attacking a pawnbroker's shop in which their pledges were deposited; and in some instances the Jewish victims are probably mortgagees of the property of the Christian

cutthroats. The atrocities which were lately perpetrated in the Bessarabian town of Ismaila have perhaps a political significance, as the district was transferred from Russia to Wallachia at the close of the Crimean war. It is not impossible that the riots may hereafter be used at some Conference summoned for the purpose as a reason for abolishing the remaining stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. For the present the Roumanian authorities are responsible for the crimes which they commit or encourage, although it may be fairly assumed that Prince CHARLES is powerless to prevent persecutions of which it is impossible that he should approve. The weakness and the remoteness of the united Principalities afford in ordinary cases a sufficient security against the intervention of civilized Governments; but the treaties by which Moldavia and Wallachia enjoy a qualified independence may perhaps render it possible to exert a certain pressure on the provincial Government. Prince BISMARCK, when he lately undertook to urge the claims of certain German capitalists on the Roumanian Government, took advantage, with characteristic acuteness and vigour, of their jealousy of Turkish authority. Passing by the local Government, the German CHANCELLOR made a direct application to the Porte, which is naturally not unwilling to receive a formal recognition of its rights. As it was evident that the SULTAN would be supported by Germany in any measures which he might adopt for the satisfaction of the claimants, the Roumanian Ministry and Legislature immediately proposed a compromise, which has since been effected. It is possible that by a similar method the delinquent functionaries in Roumania might be induced or compelled to protect life and property. The Servian Government is involved in the same culpability, and, notwithstanding its intimate relations with Russia, it might perhaps scarcely wish to incur a rupture with Turkey in a quarrel which would alienate the sympathies of the civilized world. The Turks, with all their faults, are not prone to religious persecution; nor is there any reason why they should approve of the murder and spoliation of Jews by so-called Christians. Fugitives from the violence of the Roumanian populace are assured of safety when they cross the Danube, and the Turkish authorities have a right to complain of the burden which is inflicted on their territory by the compulsory influx of a helpless and impoverished multitude. Sir F. GOLDSMID's object was rather to elicit an expression of opinion and to stimulate the activity of the Government than to recommend any definite form of interference. It could not be expected that the Jewish members of the House of Commons should refrain from a public protest against the cruelties which are inflicted on members of their race. Mr. HUGHES's discussion of the policy of Spain and of the relations of Cuba was far less relevant to the proper functions of the English Parliament.

BALLOT AND HANDCUFFS.

LORD PALMERSTON used to tell a story of an old gentleman who was a neighbour of his in the country, and who placed so many spring-guns and man-traps in his grounds that he was afraid to set foot in his own plantations, lest he should leave it behind him. His precautions against poachers were equally effectual against himself, and he was thus excluded from his own preserves, except at the risk of being maimed or shot. It would seem that the Government, if they had their own way, would treat freedom of election in a similar manner, and with a similar result. They appear to be anxious to surround the polling-booth with such a multitude of penalties and legal terrors of all kinds, that voters would be frightened to go near it. The trapdoors of the bridge which MIRZA saw in a vision were as nothing compared with the innumerable pitfalls which the Government would like to dig, if they were allowed, in the pathway of ignorant and bewildered voters. Although it is probable that we have now heard the last of Mr. LEATHAM's rash and inconsiderate proposal, it is not impossible that it may be revived at a subsequent stage of the Bill. In any case it is worth while to observe the nature and consequences of this new kind of political freedom.

The notion seems to have been to meet intimidation by intimidation, and to cure it homoeopathically. The voter was, in fact, to be intimidated into resisting intimidation, according to a nicely graduated scale of dynamical pressure. Personal influence was to be counterbalanced by the fear of imprisonment, while a still more severe punishment would doubtless have been found to be necessary as a makeweight against the temptation not to vote at all. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of the typical British voter at an election

with no bands, no beer, no nomination day, no hustings speeches; all the old fun and racket gone, and nothing to keep up his spirits except the prospect of three months at the treadmill if he didn't fold up his voting-paper nicely so that nobody could read it, or if in his perplexity he consulted anybody as to whether he had filled it up properly. While the returning officer was arranging about the secret nomination and the labyrinthine polling-booths, the justices would be in serious consultation as to the strength of the police force, and the amount of prison accommodation at their disposal. Handcuffs would have to be borrowed from adjoining boroughs and counties; and some means would probably have to be devised of procuring a general gaol delivery in order to make room for the throng of free and independent electors to whom the prison would have to be wholly given up for the next few months. Indeed it may be doubted whether the ordinary cells would be enough, and a temporary encampment would perhaps have to be formed on some convenient open space, where voters convicted of not being ashamed to tell how they voted would be tethered, under strong guards, on the "long rope" or any other system which the Horse Guards might recommend. As the dreaded day approached tearful wives would beseech their husbands not to expose themselves to the perils of the poll. A voter who had made up his mind to brave the worst would naturally put his affairs in order and arrange for his business being carried on in case he did not return; and when he started on his melancholy and dangerous errand he would be attended by his weeping family and anxious friends, who would await his return in an agony of suspense. It might be months before the reckless or heroic voter who plunged into the dark recesses of the polling-booth would be restored to the world. After the election there would be a pathetic list of missing men. One poor fellow, not quite sober, had flourished his paper in the face of the clerks. Two others, in nervous trepidation, consulting together as they filled up their forms, in order to make quite sure of being right, had been detected in the act. Others, having determined to vote as they had always voted, openly and manfully, had deliberately made martyrs of themselves. During a general election the police would of course have no time to spare for their ordinary functions, and it would probably be necessary to swear in the criminal classes as special constables to help in locking up the free and independent electors who refused to skulk under the secrecy of the ballot. It is impossible to imagine that the Ministry could have given two minutes' thought to what they were about, when they committed themselves to this wild and impracticable idea. It may or may not be right that there should be uniform secrecy in voting; but it is at least quite certain that compulsion could never be applied in this manner. Of two things, one—either voters are, as a rule, willing to vote secretly, and in that case no compulsion is necessary; or they are not willing to vote secretly, and, if so, no compulsion will avail.

In dealing with legislation of this kind it is necessary to remember the character of the people who will be affected by it, and the impression which they will probably form of its scope and consequences. If Mr. LEATHAM's amendment had been carried, many voters would have stayed away in fear, while others, from bravado or on principle, would have defied the law in order to bring it into contempt and to render it impossible to enforce it. Even as it is, the mysteries of the new system of voting will be sufficiently appalling to the ordinary voter, who may be a shrewd enough person in his own way, but is usually shy of papers and easily confounded by a multiplicity of forms. It is not every elector who will be able to nerve himself for the trying ordeal of the secret compartment and the bewildering bit of paper, the precise use of which he will have to determine for himself when shut up alone and "screened from observation." The solitude and silence of the operation, the sense of individual responsibility, and the variety of forms to be gone through, will be apt to weigh on the mind of a labourer or workman who feels the want of companionship, advice, and the stimulus of united action. It may seem at first sight that nothing is more easy than to tick off the names of one or two candidates on a printed form, make a mark in the corner, and then fold up the paper so that the writing shall be concealed. But last year, when the Ballot Bill was going through the House of Commons, Mr. FORSTER put a number of members to the test, and only one of them did the thing correctly. There is nothing more likely to happen than that a voter who has concentrated all his energies on filling up the paper should make a mistake about the folding, and should present it either open, or so folded that the marks can be seen.

If a voter in a moment of nervous confusion committed a blunder of this kind, or if in his anxiety to avoid it he happened to ask a friend who was voting at the same time, or one of the inspectors in whom he had confidence, to look at his paper and tell him whether it was all right, he might, under Mr. LEATHAM's clause, be sent to prison. It is obvious that if it got abroad that any slip or accident in going through the new-fangled ceremony of voting would subject a voter to be treated as if he had robbed a house or picked a pocket, the result would probably be a conspicuous falling off in the attendance at the poll. It may be plausibly argued that if secrecy is to be optional, and not compulsory, a voter will not be protected on every side against intimidation; but it has been justly remarked that absolute protection in this sense is hardly attainable. It might, for example, be intimated to a man that, if he voted at all, no matter on which side, he should suffer for it; and to meet a case of this kind, it would be necessary to extend Mr. LEATHAM's amendment so as to include a severe penalty for not voting. Indeed, the amendment would in itself have such a tendency to discourage voting that it may be doubted whether it would not be necessary, on that ground alone, to compel voters to go to the poll by making it felony to stay away.

It will be observed that the principle underlying Mr. LEATHAM's amendment is essentially the same as that upon which Sir W. LAWSON's Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill is based. There is a minority in the country who want to vote secretly, and who insist that the rest of the community shall be compelled to do the same whether they like it or not. In the same way, because a number of people think it necessary that they should be protected against their own weakness for intoxicating drink, it is supposed to be indispensable that other people who can take care of themselves shall be subjected to humiliating and oppressive legislation. It cannot be denied that the rights of minorities are highly important, and that in the present state of society it is especially desirable that they should have adequate protection; but majorities also have rights which should not be ignored. The Education question supplies another instance of the tyrannical disposition of intolerant minorities; and it is surprising that Mr. FORSTER, who has hitherto been firm in this instance, should have been so weak and inconsistent in regard to the Ballot. The Nonconformists, not content with liberty to do as they like, insist that this liberty is incomplete unless the rest of the country is prevented from doing as it would like, and is compelled to do as they choose to dictate. As a rule, these demands are all supported by the same set of politicians; and it is, oddly enough, only in the case of contagious disease, and under the influence of a morbid and fantastic sympathy with those who are professionally engaged in propagating it, that they are on the side of unrestricted freedom. Mr. LEATHAM and his friends, who are anxious that voting should be kept absolutely secret, are equally anxious that women should have votes, but they have not yet explained how, when they have gained their second point, they can possibly hope to make good their first.

ENGLISH LOYALTY.

THERE can be no doubt that the outburst of English loyalty which accompanied the illness of the Prince of Wales fell upon most of us with a certain shock of surprise. It is characteristic of the singular disinclination for political speculation which Englishmen oddly enough combine with a rare aptitude for practical politics, that, with the single exception of Mr. Bagehot, no philosophic observer has attempted to examine the character of the English monarchy as it actually exists, or to estimate its real hold upon the nation. On no subject was the ordinary politician so utterly at sea. Half an hour before the first bulletin was issued a very shrewd person would have been puzzled by a plain question as to the amount and warmth of the existing stock of English loyalty. Such a question is not likely to be asked now, but there are other questions which inevitably follow on the solution of this primary one; and the chief advantage which we have gained from recent occurrences is that they have set people fairly thinking over some of them. Even amidst the enthusiastic verbiage of the great mass of Thanksgiving sermons it was possible here and there to come upon such a thoughtful and temperate discussion as that in which Mr. Stopford Brooke traced the origin and characteristics of English loyalty. The whole subject, however, of our kingship requires a far closer and more thorough investigation than it has yet received. The popular notions of the Crown are derived in a vague way from Blackstone and the lawyers, and it is hard to say whether they are more untrue to history or to actual fact. The history, indeed, of English royalty has recently been cleared of a vast mass of traditional rubbish by inquirers like Mr. Freeman, but much still remains to be done

in tracing the connexion between the present and the past, and in explaining the subtle process by which, at the lowest point of its political weakness, the Throne has acquired a hold on the affections of Englishmen such as it never won before.

The outlines of such an inquiry are perfectly clear, and it is only the outlines that we can give here. The "divinity that doth hedge a king" begins at the very outset of royalty. As the blood descendant of Woden, or some other divine progenitor of the race whom he ruled, the older Teutonic king was possessed, not merely of authority, but of a vague personal sacredness, the reverence derived from which only paled before the enthusiastic fidelity and affection sworn to him by the band of young comrades who followed him as their war-leader. Under the later feudalism this vow of enthusiasm died down into a mere bargain of fee and service between the vassal and his royal lord; and, oddly enough, the word that now embodies all the warmest feelings of devotion to the Crown really expresses this bargaining temper of mediæval obedience. "Loyalty" is simply the rendering of the service actually due by feudal law to the Crown. But even at times when the English king seemed to be sinking into a mere "first baron" of his realm, he retained a peculiar sacredness. If the conquest of the Norman had broken down the traditional reverence for the race of Woden, Christianity more than compensated for the loss by the solemn unction and consecration which raised the monarch into "the anointed of the Lord." The ruin of feudalism, the fall of the baronage who disputed its authority, and of the priesthood who rivalled its sacred character, raised royalty in England, as elsewhere, to an unexampled height; the first of the Tudors remained the one political power in his realm, while the peculiar character of the English Reformation invested the second with a strange religious reverence as the head and legislator of the new Protestant communion. But there is nothing really akin to our modern loyalty in the king-worship which sprang from this union of secular and ecclesiastical supremacy. The loyalty of to-day dates, in fact, from the utter overthrow of this king-worship in the Great Rebellion. The sacred character of the Crown only survived the excesses of Charles II. to perish before the vulgarity of the first two Georges, and the idle foppery of the Fourth. Its political influence died as slowly away, to become almost extinct at the close of the reign of George III. But out of the wreck of the royal power sprang a loyalty far more ideal, as it is far more deep-rooted and universal, than the loyalty which surrounded the throne of the Tudors or the Stuarts. The new affection to the sovereign took its shape in the very reign which we have already assigned as the close of the older monarchy. In his later days of darkness and sorrow George III. was undoubtedly beloved as none of our kings had ever been beloved before. The quiet inaction of his two predecessors had won for the throne a national trust and confidence in which the older national jealousy of the prerogative, and even his own earlier attempts to extend it, were absolutely forgotten. The decay of Jacobitism transferred to him the chivalrous devotion to the person of the sovereign which had sprung out of the troubles of the Great Rebellion, and been consecrated by the scaffold at Whitehall. But it was in his own temper that we must look for the origin of a wholly new sentiment, which in a yet more special way than its fellow-feelings has produced in the English people their present warm affection for the Crown. The love of domestic life which George III. at all times displayed, his family affection, the quietness and piety of his home, won a strange regard amongst the most home-loving people in the world. From his time the most common incidents in the daily history of the Royal household became subjects of national interest. The birthdays of its members became as familiar to the ordinary Englishman as the birthdays of his own children. Their habits and mode of life are discussed with as real a concern as those of his sons and daughters. A domestic poetry, in fact, an idealization of the family life of the sovereign, endeared the one Royal home to every home in the land.

It is in the union of these three national sentiments, of personal affection, of political trust, and of domestic interest, that we find the peculiar character of English loyalty; a loyalty as unlike the loyalty of our own earlier history as it is unlike the loyalty of other peoples in our own day. The personal devotion, indeed, which is only enhanced by the misfortunes of the sovereign is common enough. But German loyalty would never find its ground in an absolutely powerless sovereign, and we know that the domestic temper of Louis Philippe won ridicule instead of admiration from his subjects. As in so many other instances, we have hit out something very odd, but not without a certain originality or fitness to our own national tendencies. Beneath all his outer roughness an Englishman is the most sentimental of men, and it does not follow that his loyalty is the less strong because it takes a sentimental form. But it is plain that such a conception of kingship, and such a regard for the sovereign, has at once advantages and perils peculiar to itself. Take, for instance, the strength which the Crown derives from the quiet trust of the people in its fidelity to constitutional law. It is unique in its way. Were the Count of Chambord to mount the throne of France to-morrow, the most zealous of Legitimists would at once take up a position of silent suspicion. He would assume, as the most probable thing in the world, that the new King would wish to get more power than the Constitution gave him, and that even in the most loyal of subjects a certain jealousy on behalf of liberty was indispensable. In England the mere whisper that the

Sovereign was deliberately planning to lessen the power of Parliament or to embarrass the Ministry would be regarded as a sign of insanity. It is impossible to estimate too highly the mere administrative convenience of such a confidence as this—the play and freedom, for instance, which it allows to our constitutional machinery at such awkward moments as that of a change of Ministry. Its value in lifting the idea of Government itself out of the range of party suspicions and controversies is of course still higher. But it is difficult to reflect for a moment on this confidence without seeing that its unruffled continuance is by no means such a thing of course as we commonly assume. It is only a hundred years ago that George III. was battling desperately, and for a time with good success, against sinking into the position which an English sovereign now occupies. It is still a position absolutely unintelligible to Continental politicians. No Frenchman can understand a king who reigns but does not govern, and a Hohenzollern would fight to the death before yielding to what he would believe to be sheer vassalage to his subjects. We trust, in fact, simply to the strength of our constitutional tradition, and to the good sense which has so long characterized, whatever may have been their other merits or demerits, the occupants of our throne. But it is a trust which would be rudely shaken either by the accession of a man of great genius or by the accession of a fool. The first might very fairly be impatient of his exclusion from all direct influence on public affairs, while the second would be very likely to mistake the pomp and popular regard which are the accompaniment of his station as being the actual measure of his power. It is quite possible, again, as Mr. Disraeli showed us in his political novels some thirty years ago, that a party might yet arise in the country to revive Bolinbroke's old cry for a "Patriot King." In the case of a sovereign of known ability, such a cry would certainly be backed by the large and increasing number of persons who, in their ignorant impatience of the obstacles which must hamper the administration of public affairs in any free country, are anxious for the speedier methods of personal rule; while it would seem fair enough to the great mass of people who are really under the belief that the sovereign does take the chief and most effective part in the government of the country. In other words, it would be sure of the support of nine-tenths of our women, the whole of the army, and the bulk of the poor.

In the same way, it is easy to see that the domestic tone of modern loyalty, though it has added enormously to the strength of the throne, is not without its perils. It has added to the strength of the throne in the simplest and most direct way, by enlisting on its side the commonest and yet the deepest of English sympathies. There are few of her subjects who are from actual knowledge able to appreciate the sterling worth which the Queen has shown in the discharge of the higher functions of her office. But the poorest peasant understands that she has been a good wife and a good mother. Every incident too of royal life, a marriage or a fever, excites a fresh emotion of loyalty, and gives a new warmth and vigour to the popular affection. But, simple as are the conditions on which this homely affection rests, it is only fair to remember in how few families they are continuously met. We never dream of the possibility of a direct feud between the sovereign and the heir to the throne, and yet the present instance is the first for centuries in which such a feud has not taken place. But a feud which in the case of "poor Fred" or the Regent simply gave a new impulse to political partisanship would now cause the keenest national distress, and might possibly issue in the creation of bitter social dissensions. Our ordinary family experience in the world around us hardly warrants us in looking for perpetual peace in a royal home, any more than it warrants us in expecting that the occupant of the throne will in all cases be wise or good. No doubt the very anxiety with which the nation now regards every act of the Royal Family is in itself an immense check on excesses such as those of George IV.; but a George IV. is always possible. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the accession of a really worthless sovereign would now be a serious danger to the throne, and that the very strength of the domestic loyalty which is now its support would then become a political peril. It is not likely that any future Sir Walter Scott will treasure as a sacred relic the glass out of which the Regent had just imbibed his morning draught of brandy; or that any English loyalist would tolerate for an hour the infamies of Isabella of Spain. But after resting our loyalty on the personal character of the occupant of the throne, it will be less easy for us than it was for Sir Walter to fall back on the abstract sentiment of devotion to the throne itself. In perils such as these, no doubt, the practical good sense of English statesmanship will find timely resources; but it is as well to remember that such perils do exist in the very nature of our modern loyalty.

SWEET ANXIETY.

A SIGNIFICANT little scene was reported the other day in the corner of a newspaper, illustrative of the pertinacity with which the British public clings to some of its cherished superstitions. An infant had been accidentally smothered, and the result of the inquest was to exonerate the parents from all blame. There was no reason, that is, to suppose that the death of their child was due to any fault of theirs, except the original fault of having brought it into the world. The doctor, who was examined, was brutal enough to observe that the parents had married too young. Was

it not a happy marriage? inquired the Coroner. The doctor admitted that there was nothing to be said against it on this score; but that the wife was only eighteen, whilst the husband was nineteen, and he considered, in his medical blindness, that at such ages they should not have been the parents of two children. The Coroner was fortunately of the sentimental school. He was fresh, we should imagine, from the study of *Gina's Baby*, or of some of the eloquent works in which the theories of the wretched Malthus are held up to execration. At any rate, he was equal to the occasion. He expressed his dissent from the doctor's view, and gave his reasons for the opinion. "It is better," he remarked, "for people to marry young than to wander about the world with no object in view. For my own part, I like to see young persons having children to take care of. It gives them a sense of responsibility, a 'sweet anxiety,' and makes them do what they can to advance. I have seen many doing worse things than marrying young." Now it is impossible to read these touching remarks without feeling regard for the Coroner considered as a man. He evidently summoned up before his eyes an idyllic vision of two young persons bound together by tender affection, and with the natural exuberance of their years tempered by a sense of the helpless infants dependent upon them. Melted by the graceful picture presented to his imagination, the stern dictates of calculating prudence gave way to a natural outburst of emotion, and, in words fitter perhaps for a gushing curate than a grave official, he rebuked the officious harshness of the doctor. We too are men, and we have in our time hung over the pages of sentimental novels and been touched in heart by descriptions of sweet young mothers and affectionate fathers; though we have generally been sustained by a confidence, which we fear might in the present instance be misplaced, that they and their progeny would be satisfactorily portioned off at the end of the third volume. We can therefore sympathize with the Coroner's melting mood; and yet we feel constrained for a moment to test his charming theories by a brief appeal to fact. After all, a Coroner is one of the special glories of the British Constitution; he is surrounded by we know not what official halo in the popular imagination. "Crownor's quest law" has, since the days of Shakespeare, been regarded by a large class as the ideal perfection of English jurisprudence; and perhaps the morality emanating from the same tribunal may be regarded with equal veneration. No profound utterance on social questions recommended by such authority should be suffered to pass unnoticed. The Coroner represents the voice of educated society pronouncing its final judgment on the causes of grievous calamities; and if educated opinion commits itself to rash opinions, whence are the uneducated to draw safe and prudent rules for their conduct?

With this apology we will venture to say a word or two on the Coroner's remarks. One or two of his sentences obviously admit of no answer. People, he says, may do worse things than marry young. That is undeniable. They may dispense with the marriage ceremony altogether; they may pick pockets; drink themselves to death; shoot at the Queen; knock their young friends into deep water and leave them there to drown; and, in short, indulge in various courses which are condemned not only by prudence but by plain morality. Still it is an imperfect justification of any action that you may possibly do worse. The Coroner seems to contemplate only one alternative to youthful marriage—namely, wandering about the world without any object in view. With all deference to his authority, we do not think that the field of human activity is quite so limited as this observation would imply. We know a good many young men and women under twenty, in various walks in life, and most of them have a very definite object, though few of them have a family to maintain. To mention no other motive for action, it is not quite out of the question that a lad of nineteen may be more usefully employed in preparing himself for marriage than in actually adopting its responsibilities. We have indeed been accustomed to think that that period of life is one which a boy may turn to the best account by qualifying himself for a position of future independence; and we are rather startled by the notion of the youthful generation of that age as divisible into two classes, one of married persons and the other of objectless wanderers about the world. However, we would by no means deny that marriage at seventeen or eighteen is likely to steady a youth considerably, and to give him abundance of what the Coroner, with an admirable turn for euphemism, describes as "sweet anxiety." Sweet anxiety, however, is one of those pleasant things of which it is very possible to have too much. For anything we know, a couple of babies may provide a man with sweet anxiety at nineteen; but if his family increases at this rate, we should like to know whether he would regard a dozen babies as a sweet anxiety at thirty. A babe in a house—we quote the admirable language of the inspired Tupper—is a well-spring of pleasure; but a spring may possibly continue flowing till there is danger of a deluge. Looking at the matter from the point of view of the children themselves, the advantages of such sweet anxiety are still more questionable. The young gentleman in question was a telegraph clerk; we are not informed what are his earnings, but putting them at the highest figure, and remembering that saving is clearly out of the question for him, we fear that his means, divided into ten or twelve equal parts, will go a very little way in providing his hypothetical family a few years hence with meat and drink and clothes, to say nothing of schooling and other necessities of civilized life. It is not perhaps a very forced hypothesis that one of the next inquiries which the Coroner may have to hold will be upon the

body of some victim of starvation. The Coroner will probably look wise and make some touching remarks upon the horrors which lurk amidst our boasted civilization. If he will take the trouble, however, to inquire into the causes, he will be pretty sure to discover one of those stories which are so commonplace that we almost cease to study them. A youthful couple have a whole family of sweet anxieties before they have fairly become men and women. The mother's health and energies have been consumed by her domestic labours. The father has been thrown out of work for a few months by ill health. He has not laid by a penny; he struggles desperately to keep out of the workhouse; the sweet anxieties hang like so many millstones round his neck; if his principles are weak, he breaks a till or becomes a writer of begging-letters; if they are strong, he sinks gradually into deeper degrees of debt and shabbiness; keeps himself and his dependents in rags on scanty rations in some densely crowded den, and ends by furnishing a paragraph for the papers and bequeathing his sweet anxieties to the workhouse or to charity. Possibly he has a friend or two who appeal to the benevolent and tout for votes till they get some of the sufferers into those asylums which provide such admirable substitutes for economy and foresight. Meanwhile the Coroner who sits upon him reviles the want of charity which fails to offer sufficient inducements for other people to go and do likewise, and becomes sentimental over the next person who undertakes to bring into the world as many sweet anxieties as he can at the earliest age possible.

The first edition of Malthus "On Population" appeared more than seventy years ago. Since then it has been denounced in every possible variety of phrase, and its doctrines have been preached by enthusiastic economists, till one would have thought that its errors would have been exploded, and its truths drilled into the ears of the least attentive part of mankind. Of late years pauperism has been attracting the attention of innumerable amateur philanthropists, politicians, officials, and compilers of Blue-books. The most vigorous efforts have been made to impress upon the public mind that no remedy can be effectual which does not include the encouragement of a moderate amount of prudence. And yet the preaching of all these labours in the cause might to all appearance have been as well delivered in ordinary pulpits. They have apparently produced about as much effect as so many denunciations of luxury, the love of money, and the other established evils which seem likely to provide ample material for the eloquence of all future generations. It is still, to all appearance, a rooted article of faith in the mind of the general public that it is essentially wicked to take any thought for the morrow in regard to bringing children into the world. The most modest statement that a couple in the lower classes incur any sort of responsibility by reckless marrying is scouted with the indignation which would be rightly bestowed upon the open advocacy of any gross immorality. The one argument which is ever adduced is that of the Coroner, that there are worse evils than improvidence. We fully admit the fact, and are indeed disposed to think that one great obstacle to improvement is the obstinacy with which the philosophers pooch-pooch any suggestion that their principles, if fully adopted, might lead to the most serious evils. But the danger which undoubtedly exists is a reason for the cautious application of plain truths, and not for completely disregarding them. At present the world seems to be divided between the doctrinaires and the sentimentalists. The latter have naturally the most influence with the class directly affected, as it is much more pleasant to be exhorted to yield to your instincts than to be exhorted to suppress them summarily. The conflict suggests abundance of reflections upon which we cannot now dwell. We must content ourselves with congratulating the Coroner on the felicity of his style; and we shall in future never read an account of reckless marriages, or of their natural consequence, hopeless poverty, without thinking of the delicate periphrasis of "sweet anxiety." We can only wish that it was a little more appropriate, and that the sweetness was generally as palpable as the anxiety.

THE POPE AND THE FRENCH CATHOLICS

THERE is no fresh news lately of any special interest from Germany about the Old Catholic movement, except that it is generally spreading, and new congregations seem to be forming every week. The episcopal Conference at Fulda has apparently had the discretion to confine itself to the practical question of school inspection, and has not meddled any further with the infallibilist controversy; while the bishops who have been taken to task by the Prussian Government for their excommunication of Old Catholics are trying to shelter themselves under the transparent subterfuge that the sentence was not publicly proclaimed, which is in all cases irrelevant, and in some cases also untrue. At Munich Dr. Dollinger has received the Order of Louis and an autograph letter of hearty congratulation from the King of Bavaria, on the occasion of his "jubilee," or fiftieth anniversary of his first mass, which is always observed as a great festival by Catholic priests. In the meantime the Pope, while praising "the strength of the German bishops" in maintaining "the rights of God, of the Church, and of society" (by its vigorous use of excommunication), publicly exhorts his adherents "to pray for the conversion of the fools who call themselves 'old,' because they are seeking to reintroduce old errors into the Church." And we learn from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the German Jesuits, the

editors of the notorious *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, are urging that the next article of faith to be imposed on the Church by the infallible Pontiff must be the necessity, announced in the Bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., of every human creature being subject, in all matters, secular as well as religious, to the Pope on pain of damnation. But as this dogma, which was defined *ex cathedra* in 1302, is an article of faith already, we hardly see why it should require being defined again, unless to supply additional "strength" to the German bishops for excommunicating the not inconsiderable number of their co-religionists who may scruple to accept it. While, however, the Pope included Germany, Austria, and Bavaria in his recent public benediction, but with a special exemption of the "old fools" for whose "conversion" he so emphatically prayed, the most interesting portion of his address to the assemblage of various nations who came to kiss his feet was that devoted to France. But we may first be permitted to notice, in passing, the almost absolute manner in which His Holiness, like so many of his zealous admirers, has learnt to identify himself with Him whose vicar he claims to be. We quoted the other day some rather startling language on this subject from a recent pastoral of the new Archbishop of Paris, which is quite borne out by the following remarkable utterance of the Holy Father himself:—"We see that when Magdalene was about to wet the feet of Christ with her tears, He almost repulsed her. . . . You, chosen souls, have approached me in like manner to kiss my feet." Dr. Manning speaks somewhere, if we remember rightly, of the "divine presence" of Pius IX., and he certainly has high warrant for so doing.

But the Pope was most effusive and fervent in his blessing on France, "that country inhabited by so many generous hearts, which has ever known how to supply the wants of human society by so many pious works, which has known how to interpret the feelings of St. Vincent of Paul," &c., and which, if we may venture to interpret the Papal mind from the context, it may be hoped will know how to rescue Italy from her "blood tribute" and her "chains," and restore the Temporal Sovereignty. But there is some fear that this excellent object may be frustrated or impeded by the indiscretions of over-zealous allies. And, accordingly, the Pope went on to remark on certain "extreme parties" among French Catholics, one of which, indeed, "fears the influence of the Pope too much," following, we presume, at a humble distance the "old fools" of Germany. But there is another extreme party, "which is too intolerant, and completely forgets the duty of charity"; and the two are exhorted to correct their errors and combine in one powerful phalanx to combat impiety and unbelief. M. Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, has not un-naturally perceived that the cap fits his head. Indeed no one who has any acquaintance with that pious and sweet-tempered journal, or with the works of its editor, can doubt that toleration and charity are not his most prominent characteristics. We have a keen recollection of a fragrant little work published by M. Veuillot some twelve years ago under the title of *Parfum de Rome*, which displayed a capacity for various and voluminous malediction before which the *Curse of Kehama* sinks into utter insignificance. And not two years ago, when the bishops were entreating the Pope for a prorogation of the Vatican Council on account of the pestilential heat of Rome, to which their health, if not their lives, was being sacrificed, the *Univers* cheerfully replied, "Well, if the dogma can only ripen in the sun, they must be roasted." Yet in the summer of 1870, at the very time when these pleasant little amenities were periodically decorating its columns, the *Univers* received a solemn benediction from His Holiness in a Brief very like that bestowed on its English echo, the *Tablet*—which usually shows much more regard for the decencies of literary discussion—and printed every week on its title-page, "Dum vobis gratulamur, animos etiam addimus ut in inceptis vestris constanter maneatis." We cannot but think, therefore, that M. Veuillot has been rather hardly treated, and we can quite understand his observing that "the words of the Holy Father inflict an unexpected censure on the opinions" he represents. Still, he is probably very safe in making his touching profession of absolute surrender. He "will do what he can," he says, to conform to the Holy Father's exhortations to harmony and charity, and we may venture to console him with the assurance that very little will in all probability be enough. He need not entertain any fear of being called upon to bring his work to an end and "disappear," even assuming—that we feel rather tempted to doubt—his capacity for redeeming his pledge by exchanging a speech which has not always been "silver" for a silence which the Pope and his Jesuit advisers would hardly regard as "golden." It might be wiser for the present to be a little more reticent about the sins and shortcomings of the French Government, which surely deserves some credit for allowing an anti-infallibilist priest to be condemned to six months' imprisonment for wearing his cassock, and to remember that M. Thiers's devotion to the interests of the Holy See may not be encouraged by comparing him too often to Pontius Pilate. But if M. Veuillot should ever find it necessary to limit his expletives by the precedent of Papal addresses and allocutions—and more than this cannot obviously be required of him—a tolerable margin will still be left for the exercise of his peculiar genius. And it may console him to reflect that in the very same discourse where he was admonished to be tolerant in his language towards opponents, the Holy Father illustrated his meaning by himself describing them as "old fools"; while a Bull read on the following Sunday in the Church of the Minerva opens by describing the Italian army which occupied Rome

as "a filthy inundation of most abandoned men, poured out from hell."

In France, meanwhile, the Church authorities seem resolved to push matters to extremities. We have already referred to the sentence of imprisonment on the Abbé Junqua for venturing to wear his *soutane* after being suspended by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Mgr. Guibert, the new Archbishop of Paris—possibly being moved thereto by the open defection of Dr. Michaud and his followers—has taken a still more decisive step, and one which places him at open issue with the letter of the law, so remorselessly invoked by his brother prelate against M. Junqua. He has addressed a *Mandement* to his clergy, which was read from all the pulpits of the diocese last Sunday, solemnly promulgating the decrees of the Vatican Council, in direct violation of the organic articles which prohibit the receiving or publishing of any "Bulls, Briefs, Rescripts, or other documents of the Court of Rome, decrees of foreign Synods, or even General Councils, without the authorisation of the Government." And this law was enforced not many years ago against Monseigneur Pie, the Ultramontane Bishop of Poitiers who proved Papal infallibility in the Council from the fact of St. Peter being crucified head downwards, for publishing an Encyclical in his diocese without the requisite sanction. The *Univers*, indeed, has just modestly informed us that the rights of the Government in such cases "never have been and never will be recognized." As regards the *Mandement* itself, which is a lengthy document, we fail to discover in it any traces either of the "cleverness" or the desire to minimize the significance of the new dogma attributed to it by one of our contemporaries. The Archbishop declares that the Catholic faith does not change, but "develops," as "the Holy Spirit reveals it more fully to the Church," and he feels convinced that all the faithful will receive with submission these present "oracles of the Holy Ghost." With regard to the Council, he makes the amazing assertion that full liberty of discussion was allowed, and there can therefore be no doubt as to the validity of its decisions, which are further stated to have received the "unanimous" adhesion of the faithful, with the exception of a few evil-minded persons and two or three insignificant priests, "who call themselves 'old' from a presentment of their own decrepitude." As regards the dogma, he assures his flock, with a magnificent contempt for history, that, while Councils were always intermittent, cases were constantly arising for decision, and were always settled by the Pope, "by a sentence against which there was no appeal." This, we are assured, was "an invariable rule." Such language is natural enough in a Papal Bull, but it is rather surprising that even a prelate of Mgr. Guibert's calibre should think it prudent to serve up this *crambe decies repetita* of refuted absurdities, and have it publicly disseminated from every pulpit in the French metropolis. Dr. Michaud's latest—and certainly not least interesting—publication, *Programme de Réforme de l'Eglise d'Occident*, is said to be creating a considerable sensation in Paris. The Archbishop has himself to thank if it is studied just now with even keener zest than might be naturally expected from its incisive clearness and vigour of style, and fearless accuracy of historical statement.

THE TIMES ON SWITZERLAND.

WE know not whether any one nowadays remembers the *History of Henry Milner*, by Mrs. Sherwood. Our own knowledge, we must confess, reaches only to three volumes out of four, as the fourth volume was pronounced by a careful guardian to be heterodox and was sent away lest it should corrupt the youthful mind. But we remember a discourse in one of the lawful volumes on the time of year best suited for a visit to Malvern. "When is Malvern in season?" asks the polite Edgar. The unsophisticated Henry does not know that it was more in season at one time than another. Edgar goes on to ask whether Malvern "was not only for warm weather." Henry, by this time rising to a joke, answers that "he had heard of hills melting away in warm weather, but that he had never heard of their existing only in summer." The *Times* seems to be just now towards the greater heights of Switzerland in much the same frame of mind in which Edgar Bonville was towards the lesser heights of Malvern. No one is ever tempted to think that the Swiss mountains melt away in warm weather; but the doctrine that they exist only in summer would to many minds sound like a proposition which was by no means unlikely. They may be there in the winter; but who ever saw them to bear witness of the fact? The *Times*, in its general anxiety for the public good, has kindly set the question at rest by sending a Special Correspondent to examine into the matter, who is able to report that not only mountains but men exist in the Alpine parts of the world, if not in the winter, yet at any rate as early as the month of April. And we might even go on to argue that, if either men or mountains are hardy enough to live through such an April as that of the present year, it might not be unlikely that they could contrive to live through the scarcely harder trial of an ordinary Christmas. And the Special Correspondent goes further; he has actually found out that Switzerland has politics and political parties, and that a great political change is at this moment going on. He has even drawn out a sketch of the existing Constitution and of the proposed amendments, a sketch not very accurate certainly, but perhaps fairly creditable as the first attempt of one who evidently never before heard that these

was any Swiss Constitution at all. That is just the beauty of the whole letter. The whole thing is so perfectly new to the Special Correspondent. It is so plain that, till he was sent on this special mission, it had never come into his head that there was anything to think about in Switzerland except peaks, passes, and glaciers, or that there were any inhabitants of Switzerland besides guides and hotel-keepers. He has now learnt better, and he very properly writes an account of his new discoveries for the benefit of those who stay at home. The joke is that he puts on throughout the air of a discoverer. Having spoken of the proposed changes in the Constitution, he adds that "little or nothing has been heard in England of this scheme." It is plain that little or nothing had been heard of it by the *Times* Special Correspondent, even up to the time of his writing his letter; it is equally clear that little or nothing had been heard of it by those who read the *Times*, and nothing but the *Times*, as they have had no means of instruction in this matter, beyond a few blundering and unintelligible telegrams. But we feel abashed at our own insignificance; it would seem that, at least within the range of the Special Correspondents of the *Times*, the *Saturday Review* is as little heard of as the Swiss Constitution itself. We certainly have done our best to set the whole matter clearly before such of the English public as might care to know anything about it, of whom, from his present letter, we are bound to believe the Special Correspondent is one. Nor have we altogether stood alone. We believe that we may take the credit of having introduced the subject into England, but in the course of the long discussions in the two Councils the *Pall Mall Gazette* has given more than one notice of what was going on. We venture then to trust that the statement that little or nothing has been heard of this scheme in England is true only of those parts of England, or of those classes of Englishmen, which come within the range of the Special Correspondent. We venture to hope that there are at least some here and there to whom the Special Correspondent's discoveries will not be quite so new as they plainly are to himself, and who might perhaps, even without accomplishing such an exploit as a journey to Geneva in April, be able to put him right about a thing or two which in the new-born zeal of such unaccustomed studies he seems not to have thoroughly mastered.

But, before we damp his zeal with any criticisms of this kind, let us first look at the Special Correspondent in all the delight of a first discoverer, setting down with charming freshness his first impressions of the unknown land, or of what might seem to be more wonderful, the well-known land seen at a hitherto unknown time. After a discourse on the abolition of passports, on the frontiers of the Canton of Geneva, and on what we may call its imprisonment since the French stealing of Savoy, the escape of the Communists, and the "splendid summer weather" which we are happy to hear that our friends at Geneva, though still "out of season," are already enjoying, the Special Correspondent at last comes to business. We are delighted to hear that, even "out of season," the Special Correspondent has found a crowd of waiters who press upon him, open the doors for him, tender a light for his cigar, and bow to him with as much eagerness and obsequiousness as if he were an English Duke or a Russian Princess. To fix the balance of precedence between a Russian Princess and a *Times* Special Correspondent is a point so delicate that we will not risk even a guess about it, nor will we even raise the question whether the polite waiters of Geneva are in the habit of offering to light the cigars of Russian Princesses. But there is no doubt that any waiter possessed of any share of wisdom or patriotism would hold that a Special Correspondent, with whom it might rest whether he and his country should or should not make a fair show in the columns of the *Times*, was worthy of a far higher measure of politeness than a mere English Duke. About the waiters and their politeness the Special Correspondent seems to have no kind of doubt; but about other things he seems to be in an *à priori* frame of mind which somewhat reminds us of the sweet psalmists Tate and Brady. Any diligent student, any diligent singer—if modern innovations have left any such—must have been struck with the *ab extra* way in which those poets look on several obvious points of Christian duty:—

How good and pleasant must it be
To bless the Lord most high.

The Poet Laureate and the Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty King William had an *à priori* view on the subject of thanksgiving, but it is plain that they had not reached to any practical knowledge of the subject. They had never, it would seem, gone so far as to try the experiment of singing one of their own psalms. It is after the same *à priori* fashion that the Special Correspondent looks at Geneva and Switzerland in general:—

A delightful abode Geneva would be if there were anything to do, and a very interesting people the Genevese might seem if we could only get at an intimate knowledge of them.

We should have thought that just now, when there are such stirring questions afloat, it would be easy to find plenty to do in Geneva or any other Swiss capital, in simply studying what is going on. But we quite enter into the difficulty implied in the second clause. It is difficult, as we have often remarked, for an Englishman to make his way among Swiss scholars and statesmen, unless he gives some proof of being able to understand what they have got to tell him. And we half suspect that the Swiss are quite canny enough to have found out that it is not in Special Correspondents of the *Times* that they are likely to find any unusual allowance of the needful gift. The Correspondent at least

fully appreciates his difficulties. His views of the Swiss Constitution are still in the *à priori* form, but he gets into the indicative mood when he comes to what we do not shrink from calling the contempt which an educated Swiss naturally feels for those who go through his country with their eyes wilfully shut:—

As a nation governing itself under difficulties, Switzerland would be worthy of the attention of the intelligent traveller; but the study of her Constitution can best be made, or, indeed, must necessarily be made, out of the season, for the Swiss seem to have a shrinking consciousness of the little importance the gay flock of their birds of passage attach to their internal affairs.

There is something specially charming in these two alternatives, either of which our Special Correspondent seems to look upon as a little frightful. He wishes to know something about Swiss politics, but then they are only to be learned at the awful price of going into Switzerland "out of season." However, virtue has its own reward. He chooses the nobler alternative. Rather than remain in ignorance, he makes his way to Geneva at an unfashionable time, and, as the due recompense of his daring, he and his cigar are treated with all the respect that could be shown to an English Duke or a Russian Princess.

We should greatly like to know the exact time when this notion of a "season" out of which it would seem to be hardly respectable to visit the territories of the Confederation was first devised. It clearly did not exist in the days of Bishop Burnet, or in the more modern days of Archdeacon Coxé. They seem to have known nothing of a "season," but to have carried on their studies when it best suited them; but then in their days political students went into Switzerland as into a schoolroom; the land had not yet been raised to the dignity of a playground. We cannot help thinking that the Special Correspondent somewhat exaggerates the antiquity of that distinction between different months of the year of which he himself has so keenly felt the importance:—

Their revolutions, such as they are, are carefully put off till the end of the autumn; even their civil wars—for such things, unhappily, have been—were always fought *en famille*, and the happy lawyer from the Temple, or broker from Cornhill, who lounges amid the groves of Beaurivage or on the Terrace at Vevey during his short spell of a holiday, hardly dreams how high political passions will run in Lausanne or Geneva as soon as the last traveller has disappeared with him under the Jura tunnel.

We cannot answer for the dreams or the loungings of the lawyer from the Temple or the broker from Cornhill, but we believe that the Special Correspondent is perfectly right in thinking that the season had something to do with the time of year at which the war of the *Sonderbund* was waged. The Special Correspondent seems to be deeply touched with the bare thought that there should ever have been civil wars in Switzerland, and he uses the plural number in speaking of them. Yet it is not wholly impossible that the *Sonderbund* War may be the only Swiss civil war which the Special Correspondent ever heard of. Certainly we do not find that, in those earlier times when masters of the military art deemed it irregular to do anything in their line in the winter, the months which the Special Correspondent looks on as the "season" were ever set apart, like the holy times of Mecca and Olympia, to be kept always free from war and revolution. Perhaps, however, we should not be too strict on the first attempts of a Correspondent of an evidently inquiring mind, turned loose in so mysterious a part of the world as the land of the Everlasting League. Perhaps we should rather give him credit as things go for finding out that there is something of a Federal system in Switzerland, and yet that that Federal system has not always hindered civil wars. Even the following remark may be looked on as on the whole creditable:—

She is meditating a transition from a mere Federation of States into a Federal State, as eager for centralization as some other countries are—or profess to be—for decentralization. For such is the tendency of all people—to deal with their Constitution as with a Penelopean web, to be woven in the day and picked to pieces in the night.

The bit about the web is too hard for us, but we fancy that a Special Correspondent would not be worth his salt if he did not now and then give the world something in the grand and classical line. We might also perhaps hint that the change from the *Staatenbund* to the *Bundesstaat* is not going to be made now, but that it was made in 1848, and that many people think that the change which is now proposed is one from a *Bundesstaat* to something which has nothing to do with a *Bund* at all. But it is plain that the Special Correspondent knows that there is a difference between a *Staatenbund* and a *Bundesstaat*, and such a degree of knowledge may be looked on as pretty well for a Special Correspondent.

In describing the existing state of the Constitution our guide is perhaps less lucky. After a pretty fair account of the general results of the changes of 1848, he ventures into constitutional details:—

The aspirations of the Swiss at that time aimed no higher than a close imitation of the Constitution of the great American Union. They had an Upper Council, corresponding to the Senate of the United States; a Lower Council, in imitation of the American House of Representatives; and a President with a Council of Ministers, invested with the exercise of limited Executive powers.

We in England are used to the phrases of Upper and Lower House, because there was a time when the House of Lords really was the Upper House, and because it still is so in matters of ceremony. And the names might not be altogether inappropriate in the United States, where the Senate is so far an Upper House that, besides the powers which it shares

with the House of Representatives, it has also some very important powers of its own in which the House of Representatives has no share. But neither of these reasons applies to the relations between the Swiss *Ständerath* and *Nationalrath*, and we think that a member of the *Nationalrath* would be a little amazed if he were told that the body to which he belongs is in any sense lower than its fellow the *Ständerath*. But where the Special Correspondent has gone most wrong is in his description of the Federal Executive. Most Englishmen draw their notions of a Republic either from France or America. When therefore they think of a Republic, they cry out "President" as a matter of course. The Swiss Constitution is perhaps to blame for having given the name of *Bundespräsident* to an officer whose functions are utterly unlike those of the Presidents of other commonwealths. The Special Correspondent is evidently dreaming, like his own lounging lawyers and brokers, of a President with a Cabinet of his own, like President Grant or President Thiers. We hope that our readers by this time know that this picture is not in the least like the Swiss *Bundesrath* with the *Bundespräsident* for its simple chairman. And we should like to know something more of the Special Correspondent's notions of constitutional Executives in general. He seems to think it something remarkable that the *Bundesrath* only exercises "limited executive powers." We should like to know his notion of a Republic, or of a constitutional State of any kind, in which the powers of the Executive were unlimited.

Our teacher goes on to tell us that the proposed scheme "has already gone through several stages of discussion, and must either come to maturity or founder at no distant period." It would have been hardly more trouble to say that it has gone through all stages of discussion, and that it now simply waits the *Yea* or *Nay* vote of the Cantons and of the People. And it would have been a little more exact to say that the "no distant period" is fixed for May 12th. But such niceties can hardly be looked for from one who goes on to moralize in the following sublime style:—

It is only the sight of bloodshed and the thunder of the cannon which can awaken the interest of the majority of readers. We have no patience with the mere thought and talk of the nations "whose annals are a blank." We never consider that wars and revolutions are only the results of thought and talk, and that the effects will be unintelligible unless the causes have been studied. Man has an invincible reluctance to look much before or behind him.

Let the Special Correspondent speak for himself; we at least find ourselves capable of the effort of looking before us for three weeks. One extract more and we have done. The Special Correspondent tells us

there are in Switzerland two nations—one consisting of innkeepers, guides, and other highwaymen who are everything in the season; the other a nation of brave, industrious, free, and independent men who rule their families and their country in a creditable manner, and whose management, among other things, of posts and telegraphs, railways and other means of communication, contributes in no small degree to the wellbeing and comfort of those tourists in whose presence they have themselves no direct interest.

We will not quarrel with the ambiguous word "highwaymen," as we have before now heard it applied to English waywardens. But did it not occur to the Special Correspondent that the innkeepers and guides might possibly not form a nation apart, but that they might themselves be members of that "nation of brave, industrious, free, and independent men" of whom he speaks so highly? It does not seem to us quite impossible that an innkeeper or a guide may rule his family in a creditable manner, and may even help to rule his country in the same way.

REVOLT IN THE KITCHEN.

THE farm-labourers' strike in the Midland Counties has been followed by another strike of a still more unexpected character among a very different class. It appears that a Union is now being organized for the benefit of the domestic servants of Dundee, and the movement is expected to extend to other towns in Scotland, and to work its way gradually southwards. London housekeepers have now fair notice that the domestic cyclone is travelling towards them, and they have time before it arrives to consider how they should meet it, and to lay their plans accordingly. Why Dundee should have been visited before other towns is a question on which we are unable to throw any light. The complaints which have been put forward do not show that servants have any special grievances in that quarter; but of course as Dundee is an industrial town, it has plenty of work of all kinds for women, and it is not unnatural that the greater freedom which is enjoyed by those who are employed in manufactories and warehouses should excite the envy of their sisters in domestic service, and should perhaps blind the latter to the advantages of their own position. Last week a meeting of domestic servants was held in one of the hotels of Dundee. There is said to have been a large gathering, and the room was quite full. Many letters were read expressing regret that the writers could not be present, the reason which most of them gave being that their mistresses had assured them that they would ruin their characters if they attended such a meeting. It is not stated whether the movement has been got up exclusively by women, or whether they are indebted to the other sex for any assistance; but the meeting was addressed by a couple of girls, who set forth the grievances of their class at some length. They argued that domestic servants were entitled to a half-holiday weekly, and to a whole Sunday once a fortnight. They were disposed to take an intensely Levitical view

of the duty of abstaining from labour on the Sabbath. It has been supposed that the Scotch were remarkable for their strict observance of that day, but from the speeches at this meeting we gather that, in Dundee at least, there is a considerable amount of feasting on the Sabbath. One of the principal complaints was that on Sunday there was usually more cooking than on any other day, and consequently the servants had more work to do and less time to themselves than during the rest of the week. This they protested against. Another proposition is that the hours of labour should be from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10 at night; but there is of course an obvious difficulty in fixing a hard and fast line for dismissing the servants to bed in a private house. Their work is not continuous, and during a considerable part of their time they have only to be within call in case they are wanted. After these speeches there was an animated discussion, which seems to have turned chiefly on the restrictions which are placed on the manner in which servants adorn themselves. It was contended that "if they were compelled to wear what was generally known as a 'flag,' it should be at the expense of the mistress." We suppose that this alludes to the servants' cap, which is held to be an indispensable part of the uniform of the class. The "flag" is resented as a badge of slavery, and it was strongly urged that it should be cast aside; as a compromise it was proposed that it should at least be provided and paid for by the mistress, and that it was quite enough for the servant to condescend to wear it when presented to her as a free gift. Protesters were also raised against any interference with the style of dress, jewellery, or the way of dressing the hair; on all these points the servants claimed absolute freedom to please their own tastes, and to wear any ornaments which they had honestly come by. As mistresses were so particular in regard to the character of servants, it was suggested that servants should retaliate by being equally curious as to the character of their mistresses. It was ultimately agreed that the domestic servants should form themselves into an association for obtaining information as to the character, temper, and general behaviour of those who offered them situations.

In New York and some other American cities where the demand for "helps" considerably exceeds the supply, it is usual, we have heard, for the mistresses to go to the servants when they desire to engage them, instead of expecting the servants to come to them, and it is the mistress's character which is the chief subject of inquiry and criticism. We do not know whether a mistress is obliged to produce a character from her last "help," but at least she feels it necessary to describe herself and family in the most attractive terms in order to persuade the very independent young person with whom she is negotiating to accept a home under her roof. The use of the piano and the privilege of giving an occasional "at home" for the entertainment of her friends are also sometimes among the conditions for which a servant stipulates. Those sumptuary laws which appear to be the especial grievance of domestic servants in this country are unknown in the United States, where the "helps" are at liberty to patronize their mistress's milliner if they choose, and to flaunt in all the grandeur of unstinted flounces and unrestricted trimmings. What American servants are now British servants will be, we suppose, before long; for the same circumstances which have led to the development of the former are now at work among ourselves. There is abundant employment of all kinds for women outside the domestic circle, and the greater freedom which is enjoyed by shop-girls, machinists, and the like, is valued more highly than the material comforts and good wages of domestic service. It will be observed that at the Dundee meeting nothing was said about wages being too low. The demands of the speakers were limited to greater freedom of action and more leisure; what appears to exasperate them most is that they can afford to buy fine clothes and showy ornaments, but are not allowed to wear them. It can hardly be said that in London servants are satisfied with their wages, which are continually rising; but it is possible that they might be willing to purchase the freedom of flounces and the abolition of the detested cap at the cost of a reduction of income. We do not know what may be the rule in Dundee, but in London a compromise seems to have been temporarily agreed upon, that the servants shall wear what they please out of doors on condition that they conform to the prescribed uniform within the house. A microscopic "flag" pinned on the back of an enormous chignon may perhaps be accepted by helpless housekeepers as a vindication of the great principle of domestic discipline; but it may be doubted whether the mistresses will be able to hold their ground much longer. If they object to their maids copying their bonnets and mantles, they will have to entrench themselves in a severe simplicity of costume, and Quaker soberness of hues. We can imagine the feelings of envy with which an English housekeeper observes the friendly and confidential intimacy which is maintained between a French lady and her *bonne*, without any derogation on the one hand or presumption on the other. The *bonne* walks with her basket at Madame's side, not behind her, freely discusses domestic matters with her mistress, and regards herself as entirely one of the family. It is said that the *bonne* is fast going the way of the *grisette*, and it is obvious that she is the product of certain social conditions which are undergoing a revolution in France as elsewhere. The English servant of fifty years since was pretty much what the *bonne* is now, and in country towns the type is not yet extinct. But "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and it is hopeless to think of resuscitating it.

The fact that at Dundee the servants have found it necessary

to have recourse to a strike, or at least to a threat of one, would seem to show that there they are more under the control of their employers than their sisterhood in the South. If there is to be a strike on this question in London, it will perhaps be on the side of the mistresses rather than of the maids. At present the latter are in command of the situation, and there is little use in resisting their demands. It is foolish to kick against the pricks, and no amount of lamentation over the demoralization of cooks and housemaids, or of indignation at the growing insolence of their pretensions, will alter the conditions of society to which these results may be traced. It would perhaps be infinitely better for the "young persons" who are bent upon being barmaids at refreshment counters, or governesses, or assistants in a "light business," that they should take to domestic service, but as they do not choose to think so, there is no help for it. The best thing to be done is to look the difficulty in the face, and consider how it can be met. It is about as certain as anything can be that matters will get worse rather than better, at any rate for a time; and the question must be becoming a very serious one for a vast number of middle-class families, who, out of incomes ranging from 300*l.* to 1,000*l.* a-year, have to keep two or three servants, besides paying heavy washing-bills, and other extras into the bargain, and who occasionally find themselves left without any servants at all. The obvious and only remedy is to diminish household work as much as possible. The absurd fashion of piling narrow houses, room upon room, high up into the air, will have to give place to a style of construction in which the rooms shall be more on a level, and the stairs reduced to a minimum, as in the "flats" of Edinburgh and Paris. If speaking-tubes, such as are now used in all places of business, were substituted for bells, servants would be spared many a needless journey to receive orders, which could thus without trouble be communicated to them in the kitchen, and executed at once. Lifts are complicated things, and are apt to get out of order, but they might occasionally be introduced with advantage. One of the superstitions of the British builder, if not also of the British householder, is the amount of stone work which is provided for the express purpose of being hearth-stoned; it can hardly be said that the result is delightful to the eye, and it involves constant and troublesome labour. If tiles or coloured bricks were used, we might have a highly picturesque and agreeable combination of colours, and the whole could be cleansed in a few seconds with a mop and a bucket of water. It is perhaps too much to expect that builders should trouble themselves to reflect for a moment on the wants and convenience of the inhabitants of the dwellings which they construct; but if the inhabitants would only show themselves alive to their own interests, the builders would find it necessary to pay more attention to these matters. Nothing can be more barbarous and disgraceful, for example, than the way in which windows are usually cleaned by men, and still more commonly by women, at the peril of their lives. Scarcely a month passes in which there are not one or two accidents, and usually fatal accidents, on this account. If domestic servants would unite in a strike against this practice, they would deserve support. It would require only the slightest mechanical ingenuity to devise a form of window-frame which should move on a swivel, so that it could be cleaned from the inside. That such an abuse as this should have been tolerated so long, and that it should still be quite a rare exception to find a dwelling-house provided with any means of escape, even from one house to the next, in case of fire, would seem to suggest that we are not quite such a practical, commonsense, or even humane people as we should like to be thought. If middle class people want to secure greater economy and comfort in domestic service, their only chance, we fear, is to do with as little of it as possible.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

THERE can hardly be a subject more interesting, economically or socially, than the condition of the British West Indies. The proprietors of what once were valuable estates have in many cases abandoned their cultivation as unprofitable, and the question is yet unsolved whether civilization will not be compelled to yield extensive regions to solitude or barbarism. We are told in the Report upon the West Indies which has been lately laid before Parliament, that the practice of "squattling" is carried to a mischievous extent in Jamaica. The greatest number of squatters are upon lands as to which it is unknown whether any title except that of the Crown exists, and it is certain that if such a title does exist, the unknown party entitled has abandoned all care or concern with the land. A population of squatters upon extensive tracts of land is not only a public nuisance but a serious danger. The law being against these people, who live under daily risk of eviction, they are naturally against the law. By a recent statute the Crown is empowered to enter upon land which has been abandoned by the owner, and to grant seven years' leases, so that squatters are now able to obtain a secure holding at a fair rent. The temptation of getting land without paying any rent for it induced men to separate themselves from civilization, whilst the uncertainty of possession was inconsistent with steady industry and with improvement in agriculture. We know from other sources that the emancipated negro has become in a generous soil and climate the laziest animal under the sun; and although poli-

tical economists are horror-stricken at his laziness, he wholly declines to be civilized or elevated in the social scale, or otherwise induced to acquire artificial wants which could only be supplied by continuous industry. He scratches the ground and sows his seed, which bears abundant fruit without further trouble or anxiety. A rude hut and a scanty supply of clothing are all that he requires beyond the food which grows abundantly around his dwelling. In our cold and cheerless clime we strive to mitigate the austerity of nature by the resources of art, which only wealth can purchase. But the flowers which with us are costly exotics grow in rich profusion in any West Indian squatter's garden. His drawing-room is the arch of heaven, and his conservatory is any bit of land which does not happen to be occupied with a useful crop. But notwithstanding all temptations to idleness, the valuable productions of the West Indies which require industrious cultivation are increasing. The sugar crop of Jamaica is not indeed much more than half of what it used to be, but its rum maintains the character which ensures an unfailing demand for all that it can supply. The Governor of Jamaica complacently observes in his Report that the rum of that island is worth from two to three times the price of the rum of other places. As first-class rum pays better than sugar, it is an object with the Jamaica planters to make a large proportion of rum, and the reduction in quantity produced has been very much less in rum than in sugar. At a recent meeting of the Alliance a speaker declared that the corn used in making whisky was as much wasted as if it were thrown into the sea. We should like to hear this speaker's remarks upon the production of rum as indicative of the prosperity of Jamaica. In sugar vast and various regions of the world compete with her, but in rum she stands unrivalled; moreover she is beginning to produce lime juice in large quantities, and thus, with sugar, which she always has produced, the materials for punch are offered by her for the world's consumption. Her future prosperity does not, however, depend wholly on rum, for the Governor thinks that she is capable of supporting an export fruit trade of immense value. There is no doubt that the area of cultivation is annually increasing in Jamaica, although the attention of sugar-planters has been given rather to improvement of cultivation than to increase of acreage under cane.

Notwithstanding the competition of all the world, the planters of British Guiana would grow more sugar if they could obtain more labour. Owing to a misunderstanding with the Chinese Government, no immigrants are now to be obtained from China, and it cannot be expected that, with every possible exertion made in India, so large a number as that for which the planters have applied could be obtained in any one year. This large demand for labour is, however, accepted by the author of the Report as a satisfactory indication of the progress which is being made in the production of the one great staple export "upon the prosperity of which the general welfare of the colony may be said almost entirely to depend." It is surely remarkable, after all that has been said about the ruin of the West Indies by the reduction of our sugar duty, to find that in at least one colony the only hindrance to sugar planting is lack of hands to work. It is estimated that only about twenty per cent. of the Indian and Chinese immigrants who are entitled to return passages to their homes avail themselves of this right. The number of immigrants residing on the sugar estates was close upon fifty thousand, and it is satisfactory to find that upwards of one-fourth of them were women. An interesting comparison may be made between the neighbouring islands of Barbadoes and St. Lucia. It is well known that Barbadoes is over populated, and able to send labourers to other islands. But the planters of St. Lucia do not greatly favour the Barbadian immigrant, who bears somewhat the same relation to the negro of other West Indian colonies that the workmen of large towns do or did to the agricultural labourers in England. The struggle for livelihood in a dense population has sharpened the Barbadian's wit, and given an edge to his tongue. He has a fuller knowledge of his rights, and is not only not slow, and sometimes inconsiderate, in asserting them, but he is apt to return with interest any real or fancied attempt to encroach upon them. It is therefore not surprising that he should form a disagreeable substitute for the submissive and docile coolie. The planters do not like him, and he does not like the planters nor the island, where both climate and language are different from the neighbouring island of his birth. Yet it seems unnecessary to send to the other side of the world for labourers when an island under the same Government has a surplus population which it is found yearly more difficult to support. The Barbadian immigrant easily becomes acclimatized, and he is not insensible of the extraordinary fertility of the plot of garden-ground which is annexed to his new home. Food and other necessities are cheap at St. Lucia. Work at fair wages is easily obtainable. Taxation is very light. Justice in respect of ordinary grievances may be obtained at trifling cost. The public health is good. This is not an unattractive picture of the life which is offered to the bulk of the population in St. Lucia. The Report suggests that the only thing wanting to complete happiness is a little more taxation, which might necessitate greater industry. It is a comfort to reflect that this source of happiness which is found in the necessity for labour is not likely to fail in England. The negro of St. Lucia is not, however, without incentives to exertion. He loves to lie in the sun, but he loves also "tobacco, condiments, and fine clothes," and it is thought that if these luxuries cost more money than they do, he would have to work harder to obtain them, and would thus be happier. Here,

again, we remark that the way to happiness is open to every father of a family in England. Supposing the theory of happiness propounded by the Governor of St. Lucia to be adopted, there might perhaps be difficulty in devising means of expending the revenue which would arise from increased taxation. It has been the custom for Government to pay rewards for the destruction of poisonous snakes, and perhaps if these rewards were to be increased, the snakes would be almost extirpated, and we should have the Governor complaining that his people were not so vigilant and happy as when precaution was required to preserve themselves from snake-bites. They can get as much rum as is good for them, and more, and they can get tobacco, and therefore, according to one definition of happiness, they must be happy. The complaint that the coloured population is too well off comes also from the island of Nevis, where salubrity of climate and inexpensiveness of living are mentioned among the causes of the ill-success of sugar planting. "The want of labour cripples the energy, and limits the operations of the agriculturist. The apathy of the labourer is the planter's bane." It appears that men who will not work are sometimes disposed to steal. Petty thefts are more common than they ought to be, and one of the difficulties of Government is that offenders find themselves too comfortable in gaol.

The picture of general prosperity which this Report draws will supply small consolation to persons who once derived large revenues from estates which are now, at least as regards owners who reside in England, valueless. The West Indian colonies are beginning to enjoy a prosperity wholly different from that which was destroyed by the abolition of the slave trade and the reduction of the sugar duty. The wealth of those islands is likely to increase, because the next generation of negroes will be better educated than the present, and will have more real or imaginary wants which only increased industry can supply. Putting aside particular cases of "ruined" owners of West Indian estates which are familiar to us all, it is hardly matter, speaking generally, for regret that wealth cannot be acquired or retained except by residents in the country which produces it. The white man cannot compete with the coloured man in the West Indies; and we ought perhaps to thank nature, which has ordained that the Englishman should not flourish in this paradise of idleness. We may be content to be the guardians and supreme rulers of a people whose only complaint against our system of government is that they are not taxed quite enough, and that the day's work is over rather too soon.

RAILWAY REFORM.

THERE can be no doubt that our philanthropists would find an ample field were they to take to agitating the question of railway reform. It is a question that involves life and death, not to speak of comfort and property. Moreover it has the advantage of being one that may be disposed of by instalments, and each new success would stimulate fresh exertions. It is not a case of exciting public interest and sympathy by slow degrees, and by the tedious repetition of familiar arguments. Public sentiment is already practically unanimous on the matter, and only needs to be organized. We are all alive to the existence of crying grievances, and the interests of the community at large must be identical in the long run with those of the shareholders. The Conference of philanthropists and railway magnates that assembled the other day marks a decided step in the right direction. The public grievances were recognized, and schemes were broached for dealing with them, although some of the suggestions might be crotchety or chimerical. Putting together the various admissions that were made, directly or indirectly, the case against our existing system of travel came out strongly enough. Speaking broadly, indeed, we may say that railway travelling in England is attended with more danger and discomfort than in any foreign country that pretends to an equal civilization. It has its points of superiority, no doubt, and they may be summed up in two words—speed and space. As it happens, both the one and the other are far from being unmixed blessings. The pace at which expresses travel on lines so crowded as our own is not always compatible with safety. The half-empty carriages which our travellers insist upon must represent a material increase in fares, which they would be the first to grudge did they only realize the fact. Our whole railway system is arranged for the rich, although it has long been admitted that the masses bring the most profitable custom. The rich are content to travel at their peril, with that unthinking faith in responsible management which no number of accidents will explode. The Companies tacitly contract to deliver the traveller in safety, within so many hours, at a distance of so many miles, under penalty of actions for damages in case of mishap. Very good. The public will have pace; and with the Companies it is a mere money calculation, based on the doctrine of averages, of what fares will insure them against the inevitable annual expenditure for lost lives, broken bones, and shaken constitutions. Sometimes they have a run of luck, and, being their own insurers, they make a good thing of it, and pay a handsome dividend. Occasionally fortune frowns, and we have an Abergele conflagration or a New Cross collision. The catastrophe bears hardly on directors and shareholders, for it may make the difference of one or two per cent. on the half-year's profits. But it is even more serious for the passenger, who, settling himself snugly in his railway wrapper, drops off into sleep, and awakens to a second's consciousness before being pounded to death. He is only the scapegoat of

a system supported by him or people like him. Time is money to him, or he fancies it is; or he has been content to face a terrible contingent risk for the sake of shortening some present discomfort. For years past he has been insisting on the Companies shooting him along at the rate of something like a mile a minute, and has persistently ignored the dangers which he has been perpetually braving. Habit is everything. We see nervous men, who would shudder at a London crossing, reading quietly or dropping into placid slumbers while they fly through junctions where the nodding pointsman has awakened with a start to turn the switches, and past sidings where an ill-coupled train of coal-waggons has lumbered off the line but a second before. All they gain by this reckless work is a very small aggregate of hours which they may or may not turn to any useful purpose, and that at the cost of a wear and tear of brain which renders the saving a most short-sighted economy. There is a mean in all things. The work of our busy life must be carried on with a certain risk from which it would be folly or cowardice to shrink. But in railway travelling a very few miles an hour may make all the difference between excessive risk and reasonable safety. And with population, wealth, and trade all steadily on the increase, the traffic that cumbrous our lines must increase in proportion, and so will the danger. The Companies may adopt all the latest inventions in the way of signalling; they may multiply servants and increase their pay out of growing profits; but no precaution, short perhaps of allotting distinct lines of rails to slow and fast trains, can ever render the quick succession of trains anything else than what is called a tempting of Providence.

These are hazards beyond the traveller's control when he has once taken his ticket, and trusted himself to the tender mercies of his carriers. But there are other hazards which he must needs create for himself, thanks to his own short-sighted folly and vanity. The Railway Conference denounced strongly the fashion of treating guards, as well it might. The Company undertakes a delicate and difficult service, which it is its pecuniary interest to perform satisfactorily. It selects presumably the most steady and sensible of its servants, and entrusts them with the charge of the passengers. It would seem that from a false economy these servants are often scandalously overworked. If the truth has been told at recent meetings as to the number of hours during which guards are kept on duty at a stretch, it is plain that the flesh must fail frequently, however well-meaning the spirit may be. It is a sufficiently disagreeable consideration for reflecting passengers that the man who is to look out for danger signals and apply the breaks should be napping or nodding at the critical moment; but it is simply intolerable to know that one or two of their weak-brained companions are pressing on the guardian of their lives what may be an intoxicating stimulant or a sleeping draught, according to his constitution. The nature of the guard's work makes him peculiarly susceptible to temptations of this sort, and the inclination to drink becomes a craving or a necessity. It is not only on rare occasions that he becomes excited or stupefied. He comes to live in a constant oscillation between excitement and reaction. His nerves can hardly fail to go in the process of perpetually filfilling an overtaxed constitution, and yet his is a calling which more than any other demands nerve, coolness, courage, and ready presence of mind.

But the dangers of railway travel, being remote and contingent, come less home to us than its daily disagreeables. We are glad to believe that the Railway Conference has grasped the fact that there is room for reform in the refreshment department. The mere act of travelling is a thing which people past middle age seldom regard as pure enjoyment; yet it may have its sunny associations, which change to pleasant anticipations when we have decided on our next journey—associations and anticipations that recommend themselves to the practical element which is so large a leaven in the English nature. In France the Companies have always understood how to cater for the tastes of their customers. It is a long journey from Paris to Marseilles; a great part of it is tame, and much is barren. One wearies of looking out on the flat fertility of the corn zone that stretches to the south of the capital; nor is it much more picturesque among the renowned vineyards, while nothing can be more melancholy than the mistral blowing over the grey olive trees on the rocky slopes of Provence. But you know that the long journey is broken by oases where you will find tempting tables spread in the wilderness. We confess, for our own part, that from the time we lose sight of the heights by Romainville, the vision of all that awaits us at Dijon divides our thoughts at intervals with our book and the landscape. Avignon associates itself not with the old castle of the Popes and the terrible tragedies of the Glacière, but with filets, and little plates of haricot-beans, and tomatoes stuffed with bread-crumbs. If an over-lively imagination has not done the work already, the vision of the tables coquettishly covered with flowers and fruit and crystal and fan-shaped napkins is sufficient to give you an appetite. There is a cheery warmth of colouring in the bright ruby of the Beaune and Pomard and so-called Chambertin, each priced artistically in figures of gold, so that no anxious speculations as to the total of the reckoning shall disturb your digestion. And for those who prefer to enjoy their creature comforts more leisurely, there are those neat little travelling dinner baskets with their contents of cold chicken and pâté and wine and fruits. The refreshment rooms of France are not all that they used to be. Harder times have set limits to the old liberality of the contractors. But if you get somewhat less to eat, it is doubtless all the better for your health, and at any rate your fancy is as artistically appealed to and your palate as delicately provoked as ever. Turning homewards again, what are

our impressions of the English counterparts of those French meals—impressions which unfortunately we are doomed continually to revive? Meals as hurriedly snatched as the uncompromising nature of the viands permitted rise again to haunt us like ghastly phantoms, bringing in their depressing train the dismal ghosts of dyspepsia and nightmare. Would that all the mortifying of the flesh on which we look back with loathing might be counted as atoning for the angry passions it evoked! It would seem as if each English refreshment purveyor had a settled grudge against all his fellows, from the ponderous nature of the preparations which he vends. Pemmican may be an excellent provision for an Arctic journey, and there are obvious advantages in concentrated meat when you must compress your larder in a saddlebag, and know not when you must replenish it. But the ham and veal pies, and the coarse-cut sandwiches, that settle down into the system like lead, seem quite out of place in a country where refreshment-bars, such as they are, are thickly set along the lines. One eloquent speaker at the late Conference dwelt on the moral duty of suppressing all intoxicating drinks, and of imposing on the passengers a Hobson's choice between tea or coffee and nothing. We should certainly never give a sigh to the memory of railway sherry, were it once departed, whatever might be the feelings of Hamburg exporters and adulterators; nor should we greatly miss the logwood-coloured brandy, sorely as one often needs a stomachic. But we must say that, if we desired to discourage the temperance movement in England, we could conceive no measure more likely to answer the end than that counselled by the temperance advocates at the Conference. It was urged that at certain stations things had been altogether revolutionized. It was answered that those stations are for the most part metropolitan, or, in other words, they are scarcely arranged to supply the wants of *bonâ fide* travellers. The girls are selected for other qualifications than those exclusively bearing on their ostensible vocation. Easy morals are of course not allowed, but easy manners are indispensable. Birmingham beauty and lively manners help young barmaids to their promotion, and the ladies look to the first business of woman in attending to that of their employers. It is certainly objectionable to scramble for your refreshment over the shoulders of flush-faced, ungloved, camelia-buttonholed gentlemen from the City, who loll with their elbows on the counters, and play the vulgar Adonis to chignoned and ringleted damsels. But we do not see that the objection need be insurmountable. Let the Companies come to an understanding with the contractors. Let them insist on giving a fair chance to customers who are indifferent to beauty, and let them appoint a committee of matrons who shall decide among candidates who plead plainness or mature years as qualifications. Marriage, no doubt, is an honourable institution; but travellers may take reasonable exception to seeing contemptuous damsels, who are supposed to serve them, trampling towards the ring and the altar over them and their teacups and their bread and butter.

Finally the Conference considered the subject of illegal "tipping" of railway servants. Here, it seems to us, the fault is entirely with the Companies, and we may say the same of the practice of guard-treating already referred to. As things are, it is idle talking against it. If a traveller desires common attention, he must give fees in self-defence. Were he known as systematically giving nothing, he would soon be a marked man at any station he was in the habit of frequenting. If he is a man of sensibility, he must feel that he perpetrates a meanness when he declines to cross with silver the palm of the civil porter who has just been bustling about with his luggage. The servants have been brought by long tacit prescription to regard these tips as understood perquisites. The Companies recognize the practice, as we suspect, because it supplies them with better servants at a cheaper rate than they would otherwise get. Nothing could be easier, if they pleased, than to change the inscription on their walls, "No servant is suffered to accept money on pain of dismissal," from a dead letter to a living reality. The practice goes on ostentatiously under the eyes of their inspectors, and a few sharp examples would supersede all necessity for further severity. So with treating the guards. The treating takes place at the Companies' own counters, before a cloud of witnesses, and the liquor is served by barmaids who ought to be subject to the Companies' authority. Is it conceivable that men trusted with the valuable property of any private person would be permitted systematically to incapacitate themselves for their most responsible duties? Certainly the Companies may plead in extenuation of their negligence that they are sufferers in common with the public; that the lives and limbs they sacrifice represent a heavy item in their own working expenses. This is, in truth, only another instance of the familiar fact that the mismanagement of corporations whose members are individually shrewd often verges on the marvellous.

THE WATER COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THAT twelve hundred drawings should be found worthy of a place in three high-class Galleries may be taken in proof, if proof were wanting, that the English school of water colour painting has lost little of its ancient repute. It may be impossible to replace such men as De Wint, Turner, Copley Fielding, Hunt, and Cox, and yet, when a vacancy occurs in the Old Society in Pall Mall, the number of candidates well qualified by talent and training for membership has of late years been greatly in excess

of all former experience. Thus it would seem that at any rate the average attainments of our artists are now higher than before, and it further may be accepted as a general conclusion that old members lie as a heavy incubus on all long-established associations, while the young blood is usually the life-giving element. It were fortunate if in art, as in the military profession, retirement from active service could be imposed at the period in life when mental and physical powers are in decay. We fear, however, that any such regulation, however much to be desired, is impracticable; if a soldier breaks down in a march the fact is patent and beyond dispute, but if a painter breaks down in his picture there will always be people ready to declare that the artist at the very moment was in his greatest strength. But at least there is one statement which can scarcely be controverted; it seems clear that artists after the lapse of years cease to create anything new; they retrace the old steps, they repeat former thoughts, they fall into routine and drudgery; even the faculty of imagination is made to do the work of a treadmill. Thus, in walking through these Water Colour Exhibitions, a very large number of works are substantially old acquaintances. In London there are dozens, if not hundreds, of artists whose pictures over a period of a quarter of a century have altered less than their faces. Such products cease to be subjects for criticism. As we pass, therefore, from Gallery to Gallery, nothing more than friendly recognition can be given to such time-honoured names as those of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Gastineau, Mr. Branwhite, Mr. Newton, Mr. Riviere, Mr. Topham in the Old Society, or Mr. Rowbotham, Mr. Henry Warren, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Mole, and Mr. Chase, severally members of the Institute. More than five hundred artists present themselves in the Galleries of the Old Society, the Institute, and the Dudley, and, as we have said, more than twelve hundred works are exhibited. It is to be feared that the greater part of these contributions must remain in comparative oblivion; at any rate, in a single criticism only the leading works can obtain notice.

The Old Society honours with a foremost position a composition of showy commonplace. "Filial Love" (68), by Mr. Haag, is of a style which in literature is termed fustian. Turning to the catalogue, we find that the two figures, the old father and the young son, are supposed to have something to do with the Book of Ecclesiasticus. And they certainly look somewhat apocryphal; the old man's beard is not of the Syrian desert, but of the Seven Dials; it has been curled in a barber's shop, and the costume generally has the guise of stage properties. The colour, too, seems forced up by surreptitious means. It is really a pity that an artist who has produced sketches round about Jerusalem, Damascus, and Palmyra, which for vigour, fidelity, and downright honesty are comparable to the masterly Eastern studies of Müller, should in his studio have recourse to those meretricious blandishments which in the art of oratory are known as claptrap. It is seldom safe for an artist to amplify small studies on a large scale, or after the lapse of years to trust to imagination for facts, and to memory for emotions. Mr. Dobson also, we fear, may lay himself open to the charge of conventionality. The child in "Baby's Tea" (136) misses all that is charming and simple in childhood. On the contrary, Mr. Shields, of whom critics have had to speak in reproof, is getting back to the ways of nature. We cannot much admire the incident in "Sisterly Help" (159); a little girl only just escaping nakedness drags on the boot of her brother, also scantily clad. Refined instincts may possibly be offended, and we think artists are wise to avoid occurrences which parents in nicely ordered households discourage. Mr. Shields has modelled his figures with the utmost care; the picture is well and evenly painted. We hope he will never more aspire to high art; his vocation is in the line of pretty and pathetic themes taken from peasant life, a class of subjects abounding in all lands, and specially pleasing and salutary in an age of great cities, when life even in its humblest phases assumes artificial and abnormal forms.

Sir John Gilbert remains true to water colours, though elected into the Academy; indeed we scarcely remember a more completely satisfactory composition from this somewhat slashing and offhand painter than that of "Louis XIV. transacting Business with his Ministers in the Apartments of Madame de Maintenon" (111). The King turns to the lady to ask her opinion, which she gives with modest diffidence; and yet, looking at the picture, we understand how Madame de Maintenon "had concentrated the kingdom in her chamber; there it was that the councils were held, generals appointed, and plans of campaigns laid down." The artist is as usual equal to the occasion; the heads preserve a gravity befitting statesmen; even the wigs are historic; the whole picture is carried out with painstaking assiduity; the composition does not once fall into exaggeration, caricature, or coarseness. Sir John Gilbert has often in carelessness and caprice played with his extraordinary powers. We think the time is come when he may make for himself a great name among historic painters. In the picture before us almost all that can be needed is attained. The artist has never been wanting in dramatic situation or in the reading of character; what he may still lack is subtlety, delicacy, sobriety of hand, care to pronounce the figure beneath ponderous robes, and to define draperies which often are heaped in portentous masses as on the shoulders of lay figures. It naturally happens that men who have for years been working against time fail to mature a style commensurate with their talents. The pressure upon life in our day is all but fatal to art products of the highest order. Mr. Alfred Fripp, Mr. Birket Foster, and Mr. Marks, in styles diverse, though familiar, reach accustomed standards. Mr. Johnson has surpassed himself; "The Rival Florists" (192) is his

greatest effort; the difficulties which he courts are only to be surmounted by the utmost skill. Accessories of red poppies and white and red roses against a red brick wall are enough to put out of countenance the connoisseurs who debate upon flowers. The subject may be deemed slight to a fault, but it has become the habit of our artists to play with trifles, to please with a transient attitude, to allure by a glance or a smile. All is mobile and ephemeral, while in the olden times everything was immobile, as if the characters stood in relation, not to a fleeting moment, but to an enduring time that changed not. And yet our painters escape frivolity; perhaps it may be said that small proprieties and humdrum generally characterize much of our modern art.

The school of the future is already in course of formation under Mr. Frederick Walker, who, however, naturally reserves his strength for the Academy. Indeed, the extreme use of body colour seems in logical sequence to lead on to oils. The romantic story of "Gilbert à-Becket's Troth, or the Saracen Maiden entering London at Sundown" (127), has furnished Mr. Pinwell, a devotee of this school of the future, with one of the most charming compositions ever seen on these walls. Gilbert à-Becket in the Holy Land gained the affections of a Saracen maiden of high degree, who, not being able to live without him, set out for London town, knowing but two words—"London" and "Gilbert." The picture represents the lady, weary and perplexed, near to the city of her pilgrimage as the sun goes down. The road is pleasantly peopled with other wayfarers, who for the most part are aimless and purposeless save for the ends of picture-making. The artist as usual is content to pose his figures in pensive, statuesque, motionless attitudes; to all appearance not a person will reach the city ere the gates are shut. The whole scene strikes the eye as a pleasing impossibility, as a romance beyond the reach of reality; hence perhaps the charm. The artist has been at pains to link together the isolated fragments of his composition, and, as usual, unity of colour consists in the liberal use of an indescribable brickdust pigment; indeed, the whole picture seems to have been made and burnt in a brick-kiln. But the spectator is bound to bear in mind that brickdust is the life-giving ingredient in this school of the future.

Mr. Houghton is yet another of those painters who apparently deem it the degradation of genius to be as other men, and yet, in a disordered composition, "Useless Mouths" (104), he commits mistakes which no artist of ordinary common sense would fall into. From a besieged city issue a useless throng—a motley crew. This unpaintable subject has probably been chosen for the display of character, and therein the artist is strong; but composition there is none; the execution is ragged, and the colour hot. Mr. Macbeth, a young Scotch artist who deservedly won favour and encouragement on his entrance into London exhibitions, seems in a bad way. "The Emigrant Receiving his Mother and Sister in the Colonies" (76) is a subject beyond his power. With the exception of two or three heads, the picture has the appearance of being scamped, especially in the draperies, and the general texture is rotten. Mr. North, less ambitious, is far more safe. Indeed, were we asked to name the gems of the year, we believe we should start with "Wild Clematis in Early Spring" (249). The impenetrable tangle in the background growth, and a certain grand wonderment in the girl who finds herself in the wood alone, have a largeness of thought which is all the more impressive because concentrated within the scale of miniature. If these painters can but preserve themselves from extreme mannerism, they may effect some good in the art of their country.

The landscapes display the usual diversity; some have the merit of being literal and prosy; the greater part, however, tend to such poetic effects as may be deduced from atmospheric changes, or gained by an ideal or transcendental treatment of colour. The happy mean between the two extremes is once more struck by Mr. George Frispp. "Mountains in Glen Sligichan, Skye" (59), is admirable in form as it is lovely in colour; no artist more truthfully realizes the gradual rise, through successive steps and stages, of hills out of valleys, the summits mingling with the clouds, every detail, from hard rock to liquid stream, telling the hour of the day and the state of the weather. For a Welsh moor, carpeted by heather, browsed by sheep, watered by a trout-stream, and bounded by blue hills or the grey sky, Mr. Whittaker is the man. He has a way of tumbling together his foregrounds, and of mingling his middle distances with broken light and shade, which precisely suits districts never tilled by spade or plough. "The Moors, Valley of the Ogwen" (224), has the merit of being small and sketchy; the artist does not succeed so well in more elaborate efforts on a large scale. The Gallery is also enriched by drawings in the varied styles of Mr. Thomas Danby, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Alfred Hunt. Once more Mr. Boyce is grand in expanse of roofs and array of chimneys. "The Yard of the Bull Inn," in the picturesque town of Ludlow, may be a subject which most artists would deem unpaintable, but Mr. Boyce has before taught us how red bricks, moss-grown tiles, and grey stone walls may be brought into exquisite harmonies, quiet as they are intense. We are inclined to think that Mr. Albert Goodwin shows most of new development. "The Fugitive's Rest" (66)—a wayfarer reposing on hill top in shadowed foreground, a flock of timid yet resolute deer marching from the valley to question and challenge the intruder—is a rare composition of the subtlest colour; dazzling sunshine passes into tenderest shade; green, gold, and grey intermingle. Mr. Whaite, on his first appearance, also gives proof of an intention to illumine the walls by dazzling contrasts and startling harmonies. It is reserved, however, for Mr. Powell to produce

the drawing of the year, "A Channel Tug making up to a Dismantled Ship" (177). Once more the artist shows unsurpassed knowledge of wave forms, when swelling and sweeping under storm-wind. But the colour is poor. Mr. Powell should remember that colour enters even the darkest shade of tempest; and that Turner saw varied harmony in prevailing monotony. What the Society can have been thinking of we cannot tell when they subjected themselves, by the election of Mr. Brierly, to the infliction of "Drake taking the Spanish Galleon Capitana, one of the Armada" (201). But the Council is generally so shrewd in its choice of members that we shall look for better things from the new comer.

The Institute in the thirty-eighth year of its existence opens a fairly good exhibition, but a certain pinkiness and prettiness, together with a sickly sentiment and a false ideal, are still found to prevail on the walls. Even the landscapes tend this way, and among the figure pictures it is hard to conceive of a more repulsive atrocity than "A Child's Dream" (43), by Mr. Guido Bach. Yet the collection is redeemed by a considerable percentage of true and honest work. Mr. Collier (80), Mr. Skell (64), Mr. Skinner Prout (40), Mr. Roberts (49), Mr. Kilburne (54), Mr. C. Green (170), Mr. Herkomer (184), and Mr. Gregory (126), severally contribute drawings which arrest attention either by notable talent or by conspicuous eccentricity. Several contributors affect the style of Mr. Walker. For example, "The Well" (184), by Mr. Herkomer, is strong in study of character, specially strong in power of repulsion; the artist evidently has been at much pains to render his execution ragged, his forms uncouth, his lines discordant. It is rather hard upon Mr. Walker that his disciples not only magnify his faults but identify the school with errors of which the founder has never been guilty. It is especially to be regretted that certain of our young artists cultivate by turns every mental faculty with the exception of good taste, that guiding, chastening power, which they seem to shun as a sign of weakness. But Mr. Linton has managed to restrain comedy within permissible limits in a well-told story of "Jonas Hanway and his Umbrella—the first umbrella in England" (60). This artist never goes further than his studies will safely carry him; he is true to individual life, and his compositions as a whole, though often out of balance and in danger of falling to pieces, generally come right in the end. Some of the most admired landscapes in the Institute we owe to Mr. Hine. Indeed, "South Downs" (155) might have been taken for Copley Fielding, had the shadows been a little more neutral, and the lights more quiet and less garish.

The Dudley Gallery before it closes deserves a word of tribute. The two Societies just passed under review are more exclusive than the Academy, but the "General Exhibition" in Piccadilly, as its name implies, is open to all comers. Thus this year, while the Old Water Colour Society has sixty contributors, and the Institute sixty-nine, the Dudley Gallery opens its doors to nearly four hundred. We need not say that this tolerant spirit secures exceptional variety for the collection. Thus Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Madox Browne, and others seldom seen in public exhibitions, are, or have been, numbered among the contributors. The Gallery is about to add to the service it has already conferred on artists and the arts by an exhibition of works in "black and white," comprising "charcoal drawings," "crayon drawings," "sepia drawings," "etchings," &c.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

BOTH Italian Operas are now in full activity. Mr. Gye began at Covent Garden on the 26th ult., and Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane on the 6th inst. At neither house, although it might be imagined there was time enough, has anything remarkable in the way of novelty hitherto been produced. Mr. Gye has given nine or ten of the most familiar operas in his extensive repertory, operas to which his subscribers and the public have been regularly accustomed for years past. In naming *Fuust e Margherita*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, the *Favorita*, the *Traviata*, and the *Nozze di Figaro*, we may almost claim to have done enough, but that some general opinion will be expected from us of the manner in which they were respectively performed.

Mr. Mapleson, it must be admitted, has, within a briefer space of time, emulated his great rival in the practice of adhering to the best known works; although we readily grant that genuine lovers of music are indebted to the Drury Lane manager for two performances of Beethoven's magnificent *Fidelio*, and that the lovers of the highest school of purely Italian art are equally indebted to him for the reproduction of *Semiramide*, Rossini's last Italian opera (Venice, 1823). The now rare appearances of *Semiramide* may be traced to more than one cause—first, perhaps, to the uninteresting and not over intelligible character of the drama, and next to the difficulty of finding singers—soprano, contralto, and baritone (*Semiramide*, Arsace, and Assur)—able to execute the florid music of Rossini with effect. But, if we have no longer Grisi, Alboni, and Tamburini, the places of these renowned artists are, after all, as times go, not ill supplied by Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Agnesi—in spite of the soprano being German and the contralto and baritone French. Besides *Fidelio* and *Semiramide*, Mr. Mapleson has given us the *Sonnambula*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and the *Huguenots*, with occasionally the scene of the "Resuscitation of the Nuns," from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which is constrained to appear much in the same

light at Drury Lane as the fragment from Auber's *Masaniello* at Covent Garden—in the light, that is to say, of a "voluntary," to play the audience out. Thus, so far as the production of unfamiliar operas is concerned, Mr. Mapleson has little more to boast of than Mr. Gye.

Why our Italian lyric theatres should be exclusively entitled to the privilege of presenting as a matter of course the same works uninterruptedly, season after season, whether old favourites or new aspirants happen to sing in them, it is difficult to explain; but that such is the case all amateurs are aware. We have been hearing *Norma*, the *Sonnambula*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *Lucia*, and other operas of the kind, striking an average, for some thirty or forty years past. It is not far from thirty years ago that the public was first made acquainted with the *Nabucco* of Signor Verdi, who has since been permitted to rank with Bellini and Donizetti; and certain of the productions of this composer—the *Trovatore*, the *Traviata*, and *Rigoletto*, for example—are now stock pieces at both houses. Add the inevitable *Martha* of M. Flotow, the no less inevitable *Faust* of M. Gounod, the *Barbiere* of Rossini, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, together with two of the operas of Meyerbeer, the *Huguenots* and *Dinorah*, which (the *Africaine* not forgotten) can alone now be depended on, and we have our annual supply of operatic pabulum complete. True the *Figaro* and *Fausto Magico* of Mozart, as well as Beethoven's *Fidelio*, have of late been making head; true also, a stray opera or two by Rossini—say *Otello* or the *Gazza Lutra* (it would be mockery to name *Guillaume Tell*, as habitually given)—thanks to the temporary whim of some cherished *prima donna*, occasionally find a hearing; and true that, now and then, an attempt has been made to acquaint the English public with the fact that Auber—whose *Masaniello*, masterpiece alike of its composer and his school, reduced to two acts, or rather two scenes, is continually used as a kind of ballet, to fill up an evening—has composed other operas just as well suited to the Italian stage as *Fra Diavolo*. But in the majority of instances these adventurous essays have been abortive. The spirited attempts of Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, some time ago, to place firmly upon the Italian boards some of the classic productions of Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, and Weber, were attended with far less success than might reasonably have been anticipated. *Iphigénie* and *Il Seraglio* are forgotten; while *Medea*, *Oberon*, &c., only attract during the winter season. In short, without endorsing the dictum of Colley Cibber that "this kind of entertainment is purely sensual," to regard the Italian Opera proper, notwithstanding the progress of musical taste among us in other departments of the art, as anything more than a luxury for the upper classes, would be, in our opinion, to ignore all that underlies the surface. In the actual dearth of dramatic composers gifted with original genius, of whom Signor Verdi—"le dernier des Romains," as Rossini used familiarly and somewhat patronizingly to call him—is unfortunately the only remaining example, the institution itself is beginning to totter, and for some time hence must rely exclusively on the popular singers of the hour, who, in their turn, are compelled to fall back upon the old resources, inasmuch as under the circumstances there is nothing better for them to do. Such a lengthy and cumbersome work as the *Hamlet* of M. Thomas, whose *Mignon* is preferable to *Hamlet* simply because it shows less pretension, could only have lived by the breath of a singer like Madlle. Christine Nilsson; while but for Madame Adelina Patti, the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana would not have survived a single performance. We ought, therefore, such considerations borne in mind, to sympathize with the managers of our Italian Operas. Having nothing else to build upon, they are more or less slaves to the caprices of their leading singers, whom, not merely in the selection of old-established works but in the choice of anything new, they are absolutely forced to consult. To this dependence of managers upon singers we have been indebted for *Hamlet*, *Esmeralda*, &c.; and by this we are menaced with further indebtedness, at Covent Garden, on account of a new opera called *Gelmina*, composed expressly for Madame Patti, by the Prince Giuseppe Poniatowski, which we can only hope is not of the same calibre as *Esmeralda*. We have vivid recollections of a Princely opera, entitled *Casilda*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre about twenty years ago, with Madame Charton Demeure in the chief character, and have ever since felt a wholesome dread of such things. Moreover, another opera from the same pen, which has already tried public forbearance, is still fresh in our memory. *Notless oblige*, we are aware; but where art is concerned the obligation is difficult to discharge. It is not every Prince, who, like Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, as ardent a lover of everything musical as he was a hater of everything French, had a Dussek for his intimate friend and musical adviser. But, seriously, it reflects no credit upon the conduct of our Italian Operas that the prospectus of neither director makes any reference to *Aida*, the last opera of Signor Verdi, to whom both houses for very many years have owed so much. We cannot share with a contemporary the regret expressed about *L'Ombre*, the most recent production of M. Flotow, because we consider as usurped the position occupied by that composer—a sort of inferior Adolphe Adam; but Verdi is undoubtedly a man of genius, and entitled, if only for that reason, to consideration. Composed expressly for the Khedive's theatre at Cairo, where it was brought out with great splendour and achieved an unquestionable success (a success, by the way, heartily ratified at Milan), whatever *Aida* may be, the subscribers to our Italian Operas, who pay so dearly for their

privileges, possess a claim to hear and judge it for themselves. This, however, has been denied them, and they have fair cause for discontent. In default of *Aida*, Mr. Gye promises the *Gelmina*, already named; a new opera entitled *Il Guarany*, by the young Brazilian composer, Carl Gomes; an Italian version of Auber's fresh and piquant *Diamans de la Couronne* (for Madame Patti), and last, not least, the *Lohengrin* of Wagner. About *Il Guarany*, knowing nothing from personal experience, we can say nothing, except that it has been performed with some success in Italy, and that Italian critics entertain very divergent opinions as to its merits. The *Diamans de la Couronne* we only hope may have a better fate than that which befell its charming predecessor, the *Domino Noir*, at the same theatre, some years ago. Mr. Gye is rather amusing about *Lohengrin*, which, according to his announcement, is to be brought out "as soon as it is possible to complete the rehearsals"—sooner than which it would hardly be advisable to risk it. It appears that the Director of the Royal Italian Opera has frequently meditated upon the production of one of Wagner's pieces; but, weighing the declarations of Wagner's "admirers," who predicted "unprecedented success," and those of Wagner's "detractors," who predicted that the "Music of the Future," as (according to Mr. Gye) "Wagner's compositions have been ironically styled," would drive all Opera subscribers from the theatre, he naturally hesitated. The success of *Lohengrin*, however, at Bologna and Florence, convinced the Director that "the presentation of one of Herr Wagner's productions should no longer be delayed." And so the subscribers are promised *Lohengrin* ("probably Wagner's grandest work") with three of its "most celebrated German interpreters"—Madame Marianne Brandt, Herr Köhler, and Madlle. Emmy Zimmermann—who, "by a curious coincidence," as Thackeray says when Clive Newcome unexpectedly meets Ethel at the house of Madame de Florac, happen to be engaged at the Royal Italian Opera this very season. All we can wish is that *Lohengrin* may really be given, and in such a manner as to afford it a chance of appreciation at its worth. At the same time we cannot but think that, instead of London following the example of certain Italian towns, London should long ago, in spite of Herr Wagner's "detractors," whoever those mythic personages may chance to be, have set the example for Bologna and Florence to imitate. By the way, it is hardly fair on the part of Mr. Gye to ignore the fact that, not later than 1870, Wagner's opera, the *Fliegende Holländer*, under the Italian title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was produced at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. George Wood, with Madlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley in the leading characters. "The sombre predictions of the anti-Wagnerites," to which Mr. Gye playfully refers, were thus "falsified" two years before the Director of the Royal Italian Opera had adopted the resolution of becoming Herr Wagner's English champion.

Mr. Mapleson only announces two novelties, and one of these is also an Italian version of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, under the title of *La Caterina*, three of the chief characters in which are allotted to Madlle. Marimon, Madlle. Marie Roze, and M. Capoul, who are naturally acquainted with the work, and familiar with the traditional style of rendering it. Mr. Mapleson's other novelty, however, is of far greater interest, being nothing less than one of the universally recognized masterpieces of Cherubini, who in the *Deux Journées*, produced at the Théâtre Feydeau (1800), showed that he could shine just as easily in lyric comedy as in lyric tragedy. The *Deux Journées* is quite equal to *Médée*—in both of which the celebrated Madlle. Scio, said to have lost her voice through singing *Médée*, but who nevertheless three years later undertook the chief part in *Les Deux Journées*, was the heroine. The opera of Cherubini is to be entitled, literally enough, *I due Giorni*. Among other promises of Mr. Mapleson is the reproduction of *Mignon*, for Madlle. Nilsson, which will afford unequivocal satisfaction.

With regard to the balance of attraction in the two companies, we do not think that one could greatly outweigh the other. Looking to the highest features of interest, Mr. Gye has got, as leading sopranos, Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Adelina Patti, Madlle. Sessi, and Madlle. Carvalho; Mr. Mapleson has got Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Christine Nilsson, Madlle. Marimon, and Madlle. Marie Roze. Mr. Gye has, for chief contralto, Madlle. Scalchi; Mr. Mapleson has Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Mr. Gye's principal tenors are Signors Nicolini, Naudin, and Bettini; Mr. Mapleson's are M. Capoul, Signors Vizzani, and Fancelli. Mr. Gye's leading baritones are Signors Graziani and Cotogni, his leading basses, Signors Bagagiolo, Ciampi, and M. Faure; Mr. Mapleson's chief baritones are Signors Mendioroz and Rota, his basses, Signors Foli, Borella, and Agnesi. Of the subordinates we need only say that in both companies they are efficient. Mr. Gye gives largest promise of new comers; but of these it will be time to speak when they have afforded us some opportunities of judging them.

Mr. Gye's orchestra is much on a par with that of last season, being not only numerically strong, in accordance with the exigencies of so large a theatre, but containing very many able performers in its ranks, and not one more able than our English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, who retains his position as what the late M. Habeneck was wont to designate as "*chef d'attaque*." We are glad to learn from the managerial prospectus that this orchestra is "acknowledged to be unrivalled, and will continue to maintain its high position"; although we doubt whether the most advantageous method of enabling it to do so is that of engaging two conductors, instead of one absolute chief. Signors Vianesi

and Beignani are both clever gentlemen, but their modes of conducting have little in common. Mr. Mapleson's chorus is not so good as Mr. Gye's, though his orchestra, judging by the results, is better. This may be in a measure due to the unrivalled capacity of Sir Michael Costa, its sole responsible director. In any case the orchestra at Drury Lane (with M. Sainton as "*chef d'attaque*") surpasses in efficiency, by general consent, that of the other establishment.

It will be seen that the foregoing remarks are merely preliminary to such criticism as may from time to time be called for by the various performances of the season at either house. One of Mr. Gye's new singers, Madlle. Emma Albani, has already appeared, and both in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* created a marked sensation. Opinions seem to differ as to the merits of this very young and promising lady—a French Canadian by birth. Our own impression is favourable; and we shall endeavour to give reasons for it on a future occasion. About Madlle. Albani's success with the subscribers and the public generally there can be little question.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING

THE complaints loudly expressed at Northampton of the decadence of that long-established meeting must have been repeated with increased emphasis last week at Newmarket. There cannot be two opinions about the fact; the mistake lies in assigning as the cause the enforced absence of two-year-old races during the month of April. All the two-year-old racing in the world would not restore the faded glories of Northampton, any more than it serves to arrest the steady decay of Goodwood. The real truth is, that racing has changed hands. Young England has, for the present at any rate, abandoned it in favour of the cheap and nasty amusement of pigeon-shooting; and the new owners of race horses are for the most part men who feel much more at home at Croydon or Kingsbury than at Newmarket or Goodwood. Hence, as the old meetings have gone down, new ones, especially in the neighbourhood of London, have sprung up in most unpleasant abundance; and, under such circumstances, it really appears to be idle to affect surprise at the failure of gatherings established by a totally different class of sportsmen on totally different principles. Newmarket, so especially representative of the old style of racing, was sure to be the first to feel the effect of the new order of things. Matches and rich sweepstakes used to be the leading features of Newmarket races; and now matchmaking is all but extinct, and rich sweepstakes are almost a legend of the past. And when the few veteran sportsmen who still maintain the traditions of the old school shall have disappeared from the scene, as far as we can see, M. Lefevre, with about three hundred horses in training, will be left in undisputed possession of Newmarket Heath. Certainly without that gentleman's support last week's racing would have been unsuccessful beyond all precedent.

On the first day we were treated to a sight of that magnificent horse Sterling, whose defeat in the Two Thousand last year must rank among the many strange surprises of the Turf. It is credibly asserted that, after his canter over the Rowley mile, ten thousand pounds were offered for him and refused. We congratulate his owner on his resolution not to part with so grand a specimen of the thoroughbred; but we shall have less opinion of his judgment if he allows him to run over the wretched apology for a racecourse at Chester, where he will most probably be knocked down, or else beaten, like Mortemer last year, by some worthless plater with a feather-weight on his back. After Winslow had won his engagement, and Fordham his first race for this season, Chopette essayed the Ditch mile against Malahide, a colt who, on one occasion at least, last year showed fair form. Baron Rothschild's flying filly has not grown much, but looked in excellent condition, and has retained her perfect and easy action, so that over short courses she bids fair to be as invincible as she was last season. Though she beat Malahide easily enough, she seemed to be going rather against the grain for the last quarter of a mile, and two days later, when she was asked to compass the more severe Rowley mile, this disinclination was much more evident. On this second occasion she had to meet the powerful but not fully prepared Drummond, and, receiving from him 5 lbs., she only just managed to win by half-a-length. Two hundred yards more, and Drummond would have won cleverly; and we think his trainer was quite right in saying that by Ascot his horse would be sure to beat Chopette over a mile course. Last autumn, over the T.Y.C., Chopette gave Drummond 4 lbs. and a 10 lbs. beating; and we think we shall not be showing any undue prejudice in expressing a belief that she will not succeed in establishing her reputation as a stayer. Then came the Biennial, which fully maintained its character for exciting finishes, while at the same time it materially discounted the chances of some prominent Derby candidates. The seven runners were Almoner, Xanthus, Laburnum, Alava, Traveller's Joy, Derwent, and Ruffie. On paper the race appeared a foregone conclusion for Laburnum or Almoner, and the 3 lbs. better terms on which the latter was meeting Baron Rothschild's colt seemed quite insufficient to reverse the four lengths' beating she sustained in the Middle Park Plate. Ruffie made the running for his stable companion, Almoner, at an excellent pace, but at the Bushes the Duke of Beaufort's colt was in difficulties, and only Laburnum and the good-looking, but despised, Xanthus seemed to have a

chance. Laburnum came on pulling double, and in the Abingdon bottom had a clear lead; but the instant he touched the hill his pace palpably decreased, and not only did Xanthus head him, but Almoner also, whom Cannon had been riding vigorously from the Bushes, managed to get on even terms with the leaders, and running the longest up the hill won by a head from Xanthus, Laburnum finishing a neck behind the second. The remainder were beaten off, Traveller's Joy, indeed, bolting out of the course not far from the Bushes. The honours of the race rest unquestionably with the winner, whose unflinching gameness brought him once more to the front, after the superior stride of his two opponents had left him in a position where defeat seemed inevitable. Almoner was brought out in the most perfect condition, and though a mere pony to look at, is, like most of the Beadsmans, distinguished for quality. Though perhaps too ready generally to listen to excuses for beaten horses, especially at Epsom, where disappointments are almost inevitable, we cannot pay attention to any that have been pleaded on behalf of Laburnum. He was fit and well; he had the lead, kept the lead, held everything safe at the Bushes, and only did not win because he was not good enough to win. The real puzzle was the forward position of Xanthus, and either he must be a stone better than the Xanthus of 1871, or else Queen's Messenger must be a long way superior to anything that ran in the Biennial. The general running of the week, especially the easy victory of Eole II. over Albert Victor, points to this latter conclusion, but we are not quite sanguine enough to endorse it without more direct confirmation. We must add that the Biennial was run at a great pace, and that while there can be no doubt of Laburnum's speed, there is a just suspicion as to his stamina, which next week's running will either disprove or decisively confirm. There is nothing certain in horse-racing, however, and the succeeding race in which the German horse, Bauernfänger, was easily beaten by Azalea over the last three-quarters of the Rowley mile, was enough to satisfy some that the former could not stay. On the Thursday, nevertheless, Bauernfänger ran a mile and a quarter and beat that really good mare Lady Masham in the commonest of canters. By the way, what weight would bring Sterling and Azalea together?

Wednesday's racing we might pass over, save for the Newmarket Handicap. There was something ironical in two such notorious rogues as Enfield and Marmora running home first and second, only a neck apart, while two world-famous mares, Hannah and Shannon, were a good hundred yards behind. And yet we are told that this was an admirable instance of judicious handicapping. Lighthouse would probably have won if the boy had been strong enough to hold him. As it was, he finished only a neck behind the leading pair. On the Thursday there was some good racing, or rather some good horses came out. First of all Albert Victor tried the severe ditch-in course against Eole II., but the well-trained, compact, short-legged son of West Australian made short work of his aristocratic opponent, who in the best of condition would not have won, but who, being short of work, was hopelessly beaten half a mile from home. In his second essay over the same course M. Lefevre was not so fortunate, for he had to meet Favonius; and Ravenshoe, though in receipt of 17 lbs., was never able to extend the Derby winner. Indeed, it was very much like a racehorse against a carthorse; and the contrast between the heavy lumbering action of Ravenshoe and the smooth and regular stride of Favonius was most striking. Baron Rothschild's horse, who will be a worthy antagonist to Sterling whenever the pair meet, made nothing of his heavy weight, and had his great awkward opponent in hopeless trouble as far off as the turn of the lands.

Friday's racing was little better than a farce. There were three races on the flat, and two horses ran in the first, two in the second, and three in the third. It was an excellent joke on the part of the Jockey Club to charge five shillings for the privilege of witnessing this fine sport. Two races at the other side of the Ditch wound up the meeting. Eole II. won the Queen's Plate over the Round Course in a trot, and twenty-five horses were so handicapped for the Plate on the New T.Y.C. that Sylla could not by any possibility lose. The race was over directly the flag fell, and Sylla cantered past the winning-post six lengths in advance of his ten opponents. We must just add that the defeat of Xanthus this week in the City and Suburban, in which he carried the nice racing weight of 6 st. 8 lbs., is not calculated to enhance the reputation either of Almoner or Laburnum. Speculum won at the same age with 4 lbs. more on his back, and yet he could only get third place in the Derby.

REVIEWS.

SIR GEORGE JACKSON'S DIARIES.*

THERE are few keener or more pleasant observers than the diplomatist who knows how to be something more than a diplomatist, and it was the fortune of Sir George Jackson, whose diaries form the bulk of the work now edited by his widow, to have rather notable people and events to observe. His death some ten or twelve years ago removed one of the busiest and shrewdest

* *The Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.H., from the Peace of Amiens to the Battle of Talavera.* Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

among the public servants who were employed in the great struggle of England with Napoleonic France. A resident in Paris during the short-lived Peace of Amiens, in Berlin during the years of Prussian friendship with France, he witnessed the overthrow of Jena, and personally assisted in the bombardment of Copenhagen, formed a part of Mr. Frere's embassy in Spain at the outbreak of the War of Liberation, and finally accompanied the head-quarters of the Allies during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. It is a little disappointing to find no portion of his diary or correspondence during this last part of his career included in the present work, and we can only hope that they may still be lurking in the "Bath Archives" of the family, where these pleasant letters seem to have been stored. A good deal of their interest and vivacity no doubt springs from the fact that the writer was at the outset nothing more than a young *attaché*, too young and inexperienced to be trusted by his brother, to whose suite he was attached, with any of the diplomatic mysteries where knowledge might have brought gravity and reserve. His diary in Paris is therefore altogether without political value, and throws little light on the complex negotiations which brought about the conclusion and speedy rupture of the Peace of Amiens; but the chat of the young Englishman is fairly worth a volume of despatches. From the first entry in his diary we see the same shrewd, genial observer, with his eyes kept well about him, and an amusing dash of self-confidence, which shows itself in the rapid judgments he passes on the statesmen around him, as it showed itself afterwards in some of the more noteworthy incidents of his diplomatic career. His sense of humour found ample scope in the Paris of the Consulate, and in the strangely incongruous elements which made up its social life. Among the traces of the old Royalist world which had so suddenly vanished, it is odd enough to find "Mademoiselle d'Eon, the famous Chevalier," the question of whose sex roused such hot controversies under Louis Quinze, dining at M. Otto's in 1801. Of the Royalists, however, Mr. Jackson seems to have seen little and thought less. A visit to Versailles brought home to him how terrible and complete had been the ruin of the Monarchy. The interior of the palace was a mere wreck, its gardens "indescribably desolate and dirty," "the fountains are choked with mud, and the bronze gods and goddesses seem to be looking on the changed scene around them in comical helplessness and despair. The figure of the great and magnificent Louis himself, as Apollo, issuing from a cave with a suite of *belles dames* representing the Muses, has been treated by the filthy *canaille* with the most disgusting indignity." In the aspect of Parisian society, however, there were already signs that the victorious Republic was on its way to the same grave with the conquered Monarchy. Some of "the roughnesses of the Revolution" still lingered in the habits of the men. "I saw the other evening, at a reception at Madame Fouché's, more than one pair of spattered boots, and a good deal of linen far from clean, the wearers being not the least important personages present." But the grace and elegance—if not the modesty—of feminine costume pointed in the same reactionary direction as the increase of ceremony and state in the Court of the First Consul. The sudden and somewhat startling attack which M. Michelet has lately made on the accepted impression of Napoleon's personal beauty gives value to his portrait as it is here sketched, at the moment of a review, by Mr. Jackson:—

"I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English newspapers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature—perhaps five feet five or six—his figure is well proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule.

It is worth notice, now that the question has been raised as to the accuracy of the Napoleonic portraits, that in 1800 Mr. Jackson, after a diligent search which he had made through Paris to gratify the curiosity of friends in England, could find not a single print that gave even "a tolerably correct notion" of the First Consul's appearance. "I fancy," he adds, "that there is something in the countenance of Bonaparte that must be very difficult to transfer to either canvas or paper." But the express mention of his handsome features and of the "fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence," seems absolutely incompatible with the caricature which has been presented to the public by M. Michelet.

The figure who after Bonaparte made most impression on Mr. Jackson was undoubtedly Fouché. Whatever may have been his motives, Fouché alone among the old Republicans remained faithful to the idea of a Republic. "If Bonaparte himself with all his glory," he exclaimed in the hearing of the young diplomatist, "wished to crown himself or any other person, he would be stabbed that very day." In a certain power of dramatic effect he rivalled the First Consul himself. He draped himself, so to say, in a mystery of terror, till every one, and especially the English visitors, seem to have believed that half Paris was filled with his myrmidons. Mr. Jackson was solemnly cautioned that all French teachers and valets acted as his spies, and that "he has now under his direction in Paris forty organized Jacobin clubs, by whose means he could put in motion an armed mob of eight thousand men." But if Fouché revelled in duping the world as to his omnipresent police and his reserve of Jacobins, he was far too cool-headed to dupe himself; and Mr. Jackson must have smiled at his own credulity when, only a few years later, he

saw this mysterious Man of the Mountain sink at the new Emperor's bidding into a commonplace Duke of Otranto. With the renewal of the war Mr. Jackson was transferred in his brother's company to the Prussian Court, and in the dull atmosphere of Berlin little opportunity was to be found for lively gossip. It is amusing to notice how, on the disappearance of peace, the hero with whose personal grandeur the young *attaché* had been so vividly impressed shrinks into "that great Lilliputian," and how in the later pages of the diary he becomes an "infamous Corsican." The chief subject of discussion on the arrival of the Embassy at Berlin seems to have been his assumption of the Imperial title and his approaching coronation. A rumour of the day, which we have not seen reported before, shows with what wonderful force the older conception of the Imperial dignity still retained its hold on the popular imagination. "Among the various projects we hear of for the re-establishment of the Western Empire, the most recent one is that Bonaparte intends to restore to Germany the provinces lately ceded to France on the left bank of the Rhine, and to hold them as a distinct sovereignty, to which the Electoral dignity is to be annexed. He will then cause himself to be elected King of the Romans, and in time succeed to the Imperial crown of Germany." While Berlin entertained itself with antiquarian dreams of this sort, its Court amused the English diplomatist by its steady adherence to all the ceremonies of the past. The death of the Queen-mother was celebrated by a Court of Condolence, which Mr. Jackson notes as the most farcical spectacle he ever witnessed:—

All those who assisted at the condolence assembled, about half-past five, in a room of the palace—the ladies in black stuff dresses, and entirely enveloped in veils of black gauze, of from twelve to fifteen yards in length, which fell in a deep double fold over the face. As we had some time to wait, the chatting and laughing went on gleefully; and the ladies, who had all thrown their veils back, were amusing themselves with sprightly comments on the droll effect of their dress. The military part of the company—whose red coats, worn over black waistcoats and inexpessibles, had certainly a very odd appearance—came in for their share of titillating railway. But presently all this hilarity was silenced; every face assumed a gloomy expression, and the veils were drawn hastily down. The large centre doors of the apartment had been suddenly thrown open. Beyond them was a hall, hung with black, and daylight was excluded; the darkness being made still more visible by the feeble light of two candles, burning at the further end of the hall, and by whose pale glimmer you made out that a figure, enveloped after the same mummy-like fashion as the other ladies, was sitting there in an arm-chair, with several others standing around her. It was Her Majesty and the princesses. The princes of the family were ranged, standing, down the sides of the hall. The ladies entered first, single file, walked slowly up the hall, made a profound curtsy to the queen, and passed on to another room: the gentlemen followed. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, but the dull "echoes of our feet," until we reached the outer room, which was well lighted up, and where the giggling and chattering had recommenced with greater activity than before. The preparation for, and conclusion of, this scene formed so striking a contrast to the procession of *mourners* slowly passing through the dark hall of the shadow of death, as it were, that it produced a singular effect on those who witnessed it for the first time.

From scenes such as this Prussia was soon to be roused by the terrible blow of Jena. Mr. Jackson's abilities were now recognized by the Foreign Office, and he was despatched in 1806 on a confidential mission to the Court of Berlin. His position was one of peculiar delicacy, for, while plunging into the strife with Napoleon, Prussia still held aloof from the alliance of England, and refused to surrender Hanover, though its retention made friendship between the two nations impossible. It was in an unofficial capacity, therefore, that Mr. Jackson was despatched to the scene of action by Fox, whom he saw for the last time on receiving his instructions. A ludicrous incident disturbed the interview. Fox received the envoy in his bedroom, while Mrs. Fox slipped *en déshabille* into a closet. Imprisonment, however, proved too much for her impatience, "for I had not been long in the room when she began, and kept up, a continuous *sotto voce* coughing and hemming." As this failed, however, to obtain her liberation, she became at last so impatient that at the very close of the interview "she rapped on the door, and in a piping, complaining tone, called out, 'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, my dear, the young man's gone, I think? Can't I come out, my dear? I'm so very, very cold.'" The envoy hurried to Brunswick only in time to witness the rout of Jena, and to follow the frightened Court in its flight to Magdeburg. No more striking picture of the utter imbecility of the King and his Ministers has ever been drawn than in these wayside jottings of Mr. Jackson. Only the Queen retained her courage and presence of mind in the general wreck, though suffering as much as any one from the humiliation of the Royal flight, and glad to occupy a single room in a farmhouse, "which one can hardly step out of without getting up to the ankles in mud." Meanwhile fortress after fortress was surrendering to a few dragons, and the Prussian army was being driven eastward like a flock of sheep. Blücher alone remained doggedly unscared by the change of fortune. Mr. Jackson tells a charming story of Napoleon's utter failure in an attempt to convert him into an advocate of surrender and peace during a stay at the French head-quarters. "Blücher does not understand a word of French, and his orders to his son, who acted as his interpreter, were never to translate to him anything that Bonaparte might say which had the slightest allusion to a Prussian peace." This almost equals Nelson's resolute application of the telescope to his blind eye.

Mr. Jackson was forced to look helplessly on at the Peace of Tilsit, which closed the great tragedy of Prussia's overthrow; but, though indignant with Alexander for his alliance with France,

he fairly points out the compulsion under which the young Emperor was acting. "Letters from the interior of Russia describe the misery and want that reign there as beyond all conception"; then, as in the Crimean war, the inner resources of the great Northern State were far from being equal to her outer fighting power; and "the general cry is for peace." In addition to the general distress, Russian Poland was on the verge of revolt, and a conspiracy was brewing in the heart of the Imperial Court, "a cabal in fact such as it would be difficult to conceive the existence of in any country but Russia or Turkey. The Grand Duke was at the head of it, and even went so far as to threaten his brother by reminding him of his father's fate." There can be little doubt that Napoleon was fully aware of the stress under which Alexander acted, and that we must explain in his way his utter disregard of the Emperor's intercessions for his Prussian ally. It is curious to note the exact similarity of the policy of France towards conquered Prussia as sketched out in these pages by Napoleon to that of Prussia towards conquered France as explained with equal candour by Prince Bismarck. "The Prussians breathe nothing but vengeance against France," said Bonaparte to a Russian officer at Tilsit, "and desire peace only as a means in time of executing it; but they deceive themselves greatly if they expect to rise again to the height of a great Power, for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us." In his words to the King we have only to substitute Metz for Magdeburg, and Paris for Berlin, to make them identical with the famous phrase of the Prime Minister:—"Sachez que je veux abaisser la Prusse, et garder Magdebourg pour entrer quand je veux dans Berlin. Je ne connais que deux sentiments, la vengeance et la haine; il y doit en avoir à l'avenir une haine contre les Français en Prusse; mais je la mettrai hors d'état de nuire." The gloom of the catastrophe is lightened by the liveliness of the young negotiator, who manages to conduct flirtations under the most trying circumstances. In the dark days after Jena he finds amusement in the privilege of admission to her toilette which has been accorded to him by the "grande maîtresse," Madame de Voss, with whose ample charms Sir Robert Wilson seems to have been deeply smitten. "It is droll enough to see her under the hands of her friseur while she is laughing and flirting." The beauty of her Royal mistress made a yet stronger impression, and one of the greatest sacrifices the young envoy ever made to his feelings of loyalty was in dutifully recognizing a likeness to his "Queen of Hearts" in the homely features of her aunt, Queen Charlotte. Some of his pleasantest hours are spent in helping Her Prussian Majesty with her ladies to make lint for the wounded. "I fear, however, that the smiles of the Royal beauty stimulate the efforts of most of her employés much more than do the sufferings of the poor fellows whose wounds she would bind up and whose wants she is so anxious to do all in her power to supply." From these pleasant employments he was soon recalled to take part in the expedition against Copenhagen, in which his brother figured as British Envoy, and of the success of which he was the first to bring news to England. His sketch of the bombardment and conflagration of the town can hardly now be read without a shuddering pity:—

The city was on fire in three places. I never saw, nor can well conceive, a more awful, yet magnificent spectacle. It was the beginning of the bombardment *in formâ*. We saw and heard it going on until daylight, as we lay in our cots; and as the work of destruction proceeded, I cannot describe to you the appalling effect it had on me. Our cabin was illuminated with an intensely red glow, then suddenly wrapped in deep gloom, as the flames rose and fell, while the vessel quivered and every plank in her was shaken by the loud reverberation of the cannon.

In the afternoon the firing began again with greater fury than ever, and for two or three hours there was a tremendous blaze. The wind was high; the flames spread rapidly, and towards night vividly illumined the horizon, so that at the distance of five miles from the city we could see each other on the quarter-deck as if it had been broad daylight, and into the city in the same manner; the intervening ships forming very picturesque objects.

Admiral Gambier had ordered the *Sully* to be in readiness for me, and I proceeded on my voyage the same night. Ere I left, the fire had increased to a prodigious height, the principal church was in flames, looking like a pyramid of fire, and the last I saw and heard of the ill-fated city was the falling-in of the steeple with a tremendous crash, and the distant loud hurrahs it occasioned along our line.

It is not often, however, that Mr. Jackson rises to a tragical tone. He is happier in the shrewd observations on men and manners which fill the pages of his Spanish Diary, and in his piquant sketches of Mr. Frere and Lady Holland. A vein of caution, which deepens as he grows older, tempers his criticisms on the pompous and frivolous noblemen who were constantly employed by the Foreign Office to undo all that had been effected by shrewder but less aristocratic envoys of the stamp of the Jacksons. The same caution perhaps necessitated his reticence about English politics. The two brothers seem to have aimed at being simply public servants, and to have kept aloof as far as possible from the party ties of their day. Of Pitt we only learn that the last book he read was a novel, and that *The Novice of St. Dominic* was in wonderful request after his death. The mother of the two diplomatists must be responsible for a wonderful story of Erskine's grief at his wife's death, and of the Bishop of London's refusal to consecrate his garden, where the new Lord Chancellor wished to bury her. But caution and reticence on this side of the Channel are more than atoned for by the lively peeps of men and things on the other side which we gain from these diaries. We note one or two slips in the editing, which

seems for the most part to have been carefully done. Bonaparte is not likely to have addressed a "Senatus Consultum" to the French Senate, nor the Abbé Siéyès to have received "the appointment of Member of the Sénat Conservateur." Nor, remembering the date of the Treaty of Campo Formio, six years before, do we understand the following passage from the diary under the date of June 12, 1804:—"The Doge of Venice has proposed to unite that country to France. Bonaparte, we hear, was expected there about this time to complete the arrangement."

MR. AND MRS. FAWCETT'S ESSAYS.*

THE volume before us is due to the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett. The general nature of its contents will probably be anticipated by most of our readers, to whom the names of the writers are familiar. Mr. Fawcett discusses various questions connected with pauperism, and explains what is in his view the right thing to be done with the House of Lords. Mrs. Fawcett dilates on the various wrongs of women, and moreover sets forth, with the zeal of a thoroughgoing disciple, the merits of Mr. Haro's scheme of representation. We may say briefly that she has certainly added strength to one favourite argument of the supporters of female franchise. She can write clearly and argue logically; and although we shall presently have to point out certain defects, as they appear to us, in her mode of reasoning, we have nothing to say against the style and temper of her performance. Perhaps both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett are a little too certain of their own infallibility, and too much convinced that the very last word upon political and philosophical questions has been said by Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer. A certain confident dogmatism is characteristic of the Radical school, to which both writers belong, and their opponents will be apt to think that it is due rather to intellectual narrowness than to their having completely exhausted all possible objections to their theories. It is wonderful how simple all questions become when you have unhesitatingly accepted the platform of an extreme party.

Mr. Fawcett is a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a Radical of the purest water, incapable of flinching from the widest possible application of the true creed. There are indeed some topics upon which his authority is open to a certain amount of suspicion. We do not now speak of his political action, which is not to our present purpose; but of his divergence in theory from some of the advanced members of his school. He occupies towards them a position analogous to that which the Old Catholics maintain in regard to the Ultramontane party. His, so he maintains, is the genuine old Radical creed; and some who boast of being more thoroughgoing than himself are really straying from the true path. Though we cannot decide which is the genuine article, we may admit that it is highly to Mr. Fawcett's credit that he preserves an independence which is by no means too common amongst any section of politicians; and the opening essays of the volume are interesting as incidentally giving his explanation of the main cause of the contrast. The sentiment to which Mr. Fawcett adheres, and which, as he thinks, has become far too unpopular with modern Radicals, is an extreme jealousy of Government interference. He declines to lay down any general principle on the subject, and appears to think that it is possible to apply what is called the *laissez-faire* doctrine too unreservedly. Indeed, if we understand him rightly, he holds it to be impossible to lay down any general criterion whatever of the propriety of State intervention. But, whilst theoretically maintaining a neutral attitude, he is practically opposed to almost all the recent movements in favour of extending the sphere of Government action. He objects, with honourable independence of spirit, to the various schemes for enforcing temperance by law; he protests against the attempt to regulate the hours of labour, and to the other methods by which, with more or less disguise, it is sought to fix wages by direct legislation. On these and many other matters he speaks strongly and reasonably; and Mrs. Fawcett, whose opinions on this point appear to be coincident with those of her husband, writes an essay in the same spirit to denounce the plan of providing gratuitous education. The strain of argument strikes us as at times a little exaggerated, and more frequently as rather narrow. Undoubtedly it is a serious objection to any system such as that of free education that it tends to weaken the sense of responsibility of parents for their children; but the consideration is only one amongst many; and one becomes after a time a little wearied of the application to every social question of the one test—"Will it or will it not tend to 'discourage providence with regard to marriages'?" Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett seem to regard the tendency to indiscriminate multiplication of the population with a kind of nervous irritability; it is in their opinion an evil so enormous that all others sink by its side into insignificance; and the main remedy for it is that Government should do nothing, and leave people to take the natural consequence of their own recklessness. Although it seems to us that the constant insisting upon this doctrine implies a rather inadequate standard of judgment, we agree that it is an important one to keep before the public mind; and the more unwelcome it is to the average British constituent, the more credit is due to the member who seeks to impress it upon him. This,

* *Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects.* By H. Fawcett and Millicent Garrett Fawcett. London: Macmillan & Co.

however, is only one application of that jealousy of the action of the State which Mr. Fawcett shares with the older school of political economists. He sees with regret their manifold backslidings in various directions; and he attributes this growing mischief, so far as we can understand him, to the inoculation of English workmen with foreign ideas. Our artisans, he thinks, are being infected with alarming Socialist theories to which sanction has been unthinkingly given even by Conservative statesmen. We confess that we are not quite satisfied with this account of a movement of thought which appears to us to have wider causes. There has long been an increasing reaction against that conception of the State which would reduce it to be merely a machinery for the suppression of thieves and murderers. And, to dwell upon no other cause, the growing centralization of society is naturally favourable to a growth in the activity of Government. The social organism, as Mr. Herbert Spencer calls it, is far more compact than it has ever been before; and the remotest parts of the system are brought into far more intimate connexion with the centre. Such a process cannot take place without giving greater energy to the central Government and presenting stronger inducements to turn its influence to account in a variety of ways. What used, for example, to be a local quarrel between a few masters and men in a particular district, now tends to become a war between two social strata; the nation is interested, and national modes of interference are invoked on both sides. The same tendencies might be traced out in innumerable other directions; everywhere a number of distinct centres of force have coalesced and, as it were, become nationalized; and under such circumstances, it is likely enough that the demand for State interference will rather grow than diminish. What is really to be desired is that the State should interfere on well-considered principles, and should pay due regard to individual liberty. At present there is too often a mixture of tyranny and undue relaxation, and a blundering attempt to remove an evil by a direct law without taking the trouble to examine into its probable operation. Mr. Fawcett's protests may do good service in restraining the precipitate application of hasty remedies, and he very ably exposes some of their natural consequences. That he will arrest the tendency to centralization we do not in the least believe, but he may help to disperse many unfounded anticipations and to discourage a good deal of exceedingly mischievous political quackery.

One measure which he ardently advocates, but which is principally treated by Mrs. Fawcett in the volume before us, might possibly do more to encourage the evil he denounces than all his eloquence would do to impede it. Mrs. Fawcett thinks it grossly wrong and inconsistent in any Liberal to object to the female franchise because it might possibly lead to Conservative legislation. This depends, as it seems to us, upon whether you consider voting power as a means or an end. But, however that may be, we certainly imagine that nothing could tend to increase the sphere of Government action so decisively as the concession of the suffrage to women. They would care very little, we suspect, for the theoretical scruples which move Mrs. Fawcett, and would be ready to support State education, State emigration, State suppression of drunkenness, and every other device for making everybody comfortable and happy by Act of Parliament. Feminine impulsiveness and enthusiasm would, if we may trust our present experience, be awkward ingredients to be encountered by cool-headed political economists. Of course Mrs. Fawcett will reply that we are wrong in our appreciation of the feminine character; that, even if we are right, political education will speedily cure these defects; and that, right or wrong, justice must have precedence of everything. It is indeed possible, and Mrs. Fawcett accepts the conclusion complacently, that the result of yielding the franchise to women might be the repudiation of all the other political principles which Mrs. Fawcett most values. The woman of the present is certainly Conservative in most matters, and it is rather odd to contemplate the possible state of mind of our enthusiastic Radicals if they should find that they had, politically speaking, cut their own throats by adherence to abstract principles. A more liberal administration of the Poor-law would, for example, in Mr. Fawcett's opinion, utterly ruin the self-respect and independence of the nation; but a more liberal administration of the Poor-law is certainly not an improbable result of the tuition of women to the franchise, which is supposed to be kind of panacea for all political evils. On his own showing, then, it would seem that we are making a jump in the dark, and that the very remedy which he most strongly advocates may add to the very evils which he most strongly deprecates. It is no our business to solve this puzzle; but we might perhaps suggest to Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett that they, like most of their school, attach exaggerated importance to mere questions of political machinery. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, tells a pathetic story of "three well-known Liberal members of Parliament" who lately sat up till four in the morning discussing the future of their party. The discussion resulted in a confession that when the Land Bill (it does not appear what Land Bill) and the Education Bill were passed, their occupation would be gone. Mrs. Fawcett very properly ridicules the singular limitation of their ideas; and yet there is some meaning in it; for whenever a destructive is to be replaced by a constructive policy, it must be admitted that the old-fashioned Liberal policy will be in difficulties. Mrs. Fawcett, however, proceeds to give her own programme; and it seems that she believes the very good thing will be secured by adopting Mr. Hare's scheme of voting. That scheme

might possibly be an improvement in some respects on the present; it might remove some obvious inequalities, and possibly make it easier for a few distinguished persons to retain seats in Parliament. But we confess that we have always thought it one of the most singular illustrations of the incapacity for political imagination sometimes exhibited by philosophers, that any rational person, and much more any really able thinker, should ever have persuaded himself that by such a mere shuffling of the cards the whole world of politics should be regenerated. Mrs. Fawcett fancies that corruption would disappear. We do not say that it would be increased, though certainly it would be more convenient in some respects to bribe people wherever you have a good chance than to be forced to bribe them in a particular place under the eyes of familiar adversaries. But, given people wanting to buy power and people wanting to sell it, the notion that any shifting of the mere mechanism should at once make them pure, or, not making them pure, should render them incapable of coming to terms, is to us the wildest of dreams. This is the characteristic weakness of our present race of doctrinaires, but it would be unfair not to observe that in the present volume it is counterbalanced by much shrewd sense and appropriate argument.

GOVER'S INDIAN FOLK-SONGS.*

ANY one who will take the trouble to collect the genuine folk-songs of that part of India about which Mr. Gover writes, to edit them carefully, and to translate them faithfully, will confer a great obligation on many classes of scholars. Mr. Gover does not profess to have undertaken so serious a task as this. He has not attempted by any means fully to reap the rich harvest of popular poetry of which Southern India can boast; he has only plucked here and there a few of its fruits, and now offers them to view as "samples" of the crop. He claims, however, the merit of having taken pains to secure good specimens of the popular poetry "of each family of the great Dravidian nation"—of having given "the pleasant labour of years" to their selection. In the plains where dwell the Tamil and Telugu peoples: on the Mysore plateau, the home of Canarese: among the hills and valleys of the Neilgherries and Western Ghats, sheltering the stalwart tribes of Coorg and the humble Badagas of Ootacamund: along the narrow strip of low-lying coast that parts the sea from the Western Ghats and gives a home to the Malayalim tongue. That the poems which Mr. Gover cites are of considerable interest no reader is likely to deny; but how far many of them merit the special designation which he has given to them is a question on which he and his critics will probably be at variance. Few of these are likely to consider that didactic poems composed by ascetic philosophers have more claim to be styled "folk-songs" than have the plays of which Mr. Gover almost needlessly remarks that they are "so dreadfully long, requiring several days for their representation, that they cannot possibly be brought within the class of songs." There will doubtless be specialists among his critics also who will find fault with Mr. Gover's treatment of his subject. Before taking leave of his book we shall mention a few of the objections which they may raise. But we will first take a glance at its contents from the point of view of the general reader, to whom it may be recommended as a work likely to mitigate the supercilious contempt with which Englishmen are too apt to regard their dusky fellow-subjects in what they are pleased to consider the barbaric East.

The description which is given of the singers who wander with their poetic wares from village to village is very interesting, recalling as it does the accounts of the rhapsodists and other minstrels who used to lead a roving life in more Western climes, and whose descendants still make their voices heard, though with fast failing strength, in the less civilized of European lands. It is pleasant to one pent within a populous city from which national melodies have long been driven by the din of the hurdy-gurdy, the banjo, and the German band, to read of the quiet Indian village into which the travelling singer enters in the cool of the evening, bent upon earning his board and lodging by his voice. There, in Mr. Gover's sketch, we see the minstrel sitting within the porch of the pagoda, his simple musical instrument in his hand, his huge begging shell at his feet. On their return from the fields the villagers, "weary with their labours, anxious for some sober excitement," throng to hear him, and soon the ground in front of the temple is occupied by groups of eagerly listening men, women, and children. He begins by some religious invocation, and then passes to short songs, each of which has a chorus attached to it. When a song is familiar to the audience, "before the bard has finished the long-drawn-out note with which he ends his verse, the villagers have taken up their part, and the loud chorus swells on the evening breeze." The singing goes on, interrupted from time to time by the circuit of the begging-shell, into which a shower of pice is poured, until darkness closes in. Then the listeners disperse, and the minstrel goes home to supper with the headman of the village.

Most of these singers belong, we are told, "to the anomalous class called *nattuvan*, the sons of dancing-girls"; and, as men who know nothing of their fathers, they can claim no caste. Many of the members of this class enroll themselves in the ranks

* *The Folk-Songs of Southern India.* By Charles E. Gover. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1871.

of the "devotees named *dasas*, or slaves to the Deity," who bind themselves by a vow of poverty, and wander about the country begging and singing. Of a livelihood they are always sure, for none dare to despise the "slave of God," and he must be invited, listened to, and rewarded "at weddings and feasts, at fasts and funerals, at sowing and harvest, at full moon and *sankranti* (the passing of the equator as the sun changes its tropic)." The songs they sing naturally differ in various parts of the country. In some places, what Mr. Gover considers the original popular poetry has disappeared; in others it still flourishes. The Hill tribes, for instance, "have songs for every event in life. They cut the first sheaves of harvest to a song. They come into life, are married, and die to the music of some chant, song, or requiem." Among the Badagas of the Neilgherry Hills, according to Mr. Gover, dance and song while away the moonlight nights, during which the belated traveller will often hear "the distant chant, the loud and sudden chorus, and then again the floating strain of the single singer," bearing witness that round some mossy stone a group of villagers is listening to and joining in the song of some wandering bard. Among the most remarkable of the songs given by Mr. Gover is a dirge which is sung by the Badagas before a corpse is burnt. After a wild dance has been executed, in which the performers "are supposed to be accompanying the parted soul in its rapid flight to the feet of God," and the dead men's relations have walked in solemn procession around his remains, a buffalo-calf, which has been carefully selected for the purpose, is brought within the circle of mourners, one of whom lays his hand upon its head, and begins chanting the dirge, which contains a general confession of sin. The singer begins by assuming that the deceased has committed all possible sins, which are supposed to amount to thirteen hundred in number. Then he enters into details, crying, for instance, "He killed the crawling snake; it is a sin." After him the bystanders repeat in chorus, "It is a sin," and as they shout the chief performer lays his hand upon the calf, to which the sin is supposed to be transferred. After the whole catalogue of sins has been gone through, "then, still in solemn silence, the calf is let loose. Like the Jewish scapegoat, it may never be used for secular work. It is sacred, bearing till death the sins of a human being."

We are glad to learn from Mr. Gover's book that the Rev. F. Metz has filled two large folio volumes with his collection of Badaga poetry, one which, it is to be hoped, will not long be allowed to remain unpublished. The Madras Government also "has authorised the Commissioner of the Neilgherries, J. W. Brecks, Esq., to make an exhaustive examination of the history, religion, customs, and antiquities of the Neilgherry tribes," so that much fuller information than has hitherto been available about a most interesting people may before long be expected.

With the exception of the "scape-calf" dirge of the Badagas, by far the most interesting of the songs quoted by Mr. Gover are the work of Canarese poets. Some of them have already been made known to the scientific world by Dr. Mögling, in two excellent articles headed "*Lieder kanaresischer Sänger*," which appeared in the fourteenth and eighteenth volumes of the *Zeitschrift der deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, and which give the original text of twenty-four songs, together with a German version. They are for the most part not so much songs, in our sense of the word, as philosophic speculations; the moralizings of a teacher who takes a very gloomy view of life, and is always calling attention to the fact that it is encompassed by sorrows and jealously watched by death. It is difficult to imagine anything less like the song that lightens toil than the jeremiad commencing

Oh! what is food to me! Death stands so near!
Morn, noon, and night his angels close appear.
In one short day they snatched, as past they ran,
My friend, my foe, the young, the grey-haired man.
Their wealth doth stay behind, although so dear.
There is no joy for me, my life is drear.

Chorus.—How near is death! Mercy he cannot bring.
Then, oh, my heart, cease from the world and cling
With all thy power to tender Lakshmi's king.

And it might well puzzle the reader to understand how such a lamentation could have attained to popularity, were he not told, by Dr. Mögling, that it was composed in all probability by an ascetic of great fame—the renowned hymn-writer Purandara, who, from being a miser, with his whole heart set upon the acquisition of wealth, was converted into a poverty-loving "servant of God" by a miracle in which his wife's nose-ring played a prominent part. There is nothing wonderful in the fact that such moralists as he, after long meditations on the ineffable greatness of the Creator and the contemptible littleness of the creature, on the brevity of human life and the bewildering immensurability of divine existence, should come to the conclusion that

Our life is but a sea of sorrow,
This comes, that goes, the old, old way;
No joy will last beyond to-morrow,
E'en grief and pain—they will not stay;

or should exclaim:—

Great Lord, my boyish years were one long pain,
Although they seemed to pass in play. For play
Is nought but pain, in that it brings disdain
Of God and holy things.

But it is strange that rustics, wearied by a long day's work in the fields, should turn for relaxation, not to any amusement, to what are really hymns of an unusually lugubrious nature. Perhaps,

however, they may be like the Russian peasants, who often dance with perfect cheerfulness to the accompaniment of a song which breathes the accents of inconsolable woe.

Of the specimens of Tamil poetry given by Mr. Gover, the greater part deserve to be called folk-songs still less than the Canarese hymns already mentioned. But as illustrations of the teaching of the great religious leaders of old times, too high a value cannot well be set upon such poems as that beginning

God is the one great all. Can such as He,
Eternal Being, see our praise or prayer
In outward acts? If thou wouldst worship Him,
Lift up thy heart—in spirit serve thy God;

or the stanzas on the "Unity of God," the first of which is—

Into the bosom of the one great sea
Flow streams that come from hills on every side.
Their names are various as their springs.
And thus in every land do men bow down
To one great God, though known by many names.
This mighty Being we would worship now.

The "Labour Songs" which follow these grave utterances are more entitled to the designation which Mr. Gover has given them. We can scarcely say as much for the Malayalam poems about various Brahmanic deities, or the Telugu hymns commencing

What animals ye are who worship stones,
And care not for the God that dwells within!
How can a stone excel the living thing
That praise intones?

Or,

To pray and serve yet not be pure,
In dirty pot to place good food,
To worship God while sins endure,
Can never turn to good.

As for the specimens from the Cural, there can be no pretence for calling them "Folk-Songs," but they are well deserving of a place in a sketch of Indian religious teaching and sentiment. It is in the light of such a sketch that we prefer to look upon Mr. Gover's book, and as such we recommend it as being likely to dispel some of the most prevalent of English delusions about India. Of the remarks purporting to be scientific made by Mr. Gover, the less said the better. But we must express our unqualified disapprobation of his jaunty and self-confident method of dealing with philological problems. All the great scholars who have discussed the question of the Dravidian languages, and have come to the conclusion that they do not belong to the Aryan family, are contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Gover with the assertion that they are utterly in the wrong. He informs us that "the Dravidian nations have preserved with singular purity the vocabulary they brought with them" from, we suppose, the original home of our own remote ancestors in Central Asia. But the only piece of evidence which he vouchsafes in proof of this sweeping assertion is the fact that the greater portion of the Dravidian words which were grouped as "Scythian" by Dr. Caldwell "are included in Fick's *Indogermanische Grundsprache* as Aryan roots." We do not attach much importance to Dr. Caldwell's "Scythian" theory, but we wish we could recognize in Mr. Gover's unhesitating utterances a little of the caution employed and the diffidence expressed by the learned author of the *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages*. Had Mr. Gover possessed any share of it, he would scarcely have given so much prominence to the extraordinary philological operation which he performs in his introduction upon the unfortunate word *Pey*, a devil.

BLUNT'S KEY TO CHURCH HISTORY.*

THIS small volume seems to be one of a series, of which we do not remember to have seen any of the cler members. But the list contains a *Key to the Knowledge of Church History [Ancient]*, which is also "edited" by Mr. Blunt, and a *Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Holy Bible*, which seems to be not only edited by Mr. Blunt, but to be his own composition. Of these the "Key to the Bible"—to give it its Parliamentary language is called a "short title"—will, according to the *Clerical Journal*, be "extensively circulated in church families," while, as the "Key to Ancient Church History" is pronounced by the *Rock* to be a "very terse and reliable collection," it may perhaps find its way into Gospel families also. We have been trying to guess what would be the feelings of any man able to read and write on finding that what he has written or edited was pronounced "reliable" by the *Rock*. We can only guess that a slight approach to the shock might be found in our own feelings some time back, when we were asked to give something to a library at Chicago "on grounds of racial sympathy." To us indeed the painful thing would be to be called "reliable" at all, whether by the *Rock* or by the *Cyclo Times*; but for Mr. Blunt to be called anything which is meant for praise at the hands of the *Rock* must be still more painful on other grounds. We do not indeed know what may be meant when it is said that the "Key" is more or less "edited" by Mr. Blunt. That word may in itself mean anything, from the editor writing the book himself, to his writing a preface to a book which he has not read. As the "Key" has no preface, it is at least clear that it

* A *Key to the Knowledge of Church History [Modern]*. Edited by John Henry Blunt, M.A. Livingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1872.

cannot be used in this last sense. We may however suppose that it implies some kind of general approval on the part of Mr. Blunt. Now to Mr. Blunt, if he is at all responsible for his "Key," one would think that the praises of the *Rock* must be specially disagreeable. For it is plain that after the most straitest sect of our religion he lives an Anglican. He walks steadily along the edge of the razor which divides the two dark abysses of "Romanism on the one hand and Dissent on the other." Now this frame of mind, like any other theological frame of mind, has its right to full and candid toleration. Historically viewed, it has something to be said for it and something against it. On the one hand, the rigid Anglican is sometimes tempted to give up being an Anglican and to turn Briton instead. On the other hand, he may be trusted to take in the historical and legal continuity of the English Church through all the changes of the sixteenth century. The Papist, the Puritan, and the Latitudinarian might all admit that manifest truth without in any way giving up their several theological positions. But, as a matter of fact, they are not commonly very ready to do so. But to the strict Anglican the corporate or personal identity of the existing Church of England with the Church of Anselm and of Augustine is the very life and soul of his whole theory. There is no fear of his thinking that the Church of England was founded by Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth; he is in no way bound to the angelic perfection of Edward the Sixth, nor is it important to his position to fix very accurately the exact year of the B. Reformation. All these are decided merits to be balanced against weaknesses the other way; and if our rigid Anglican, like the rigid anything else, lays on his colours and dispenses his epithets according to his own way of thinking, it is no more than is done by most people of all other ways of thinking. If, therefore, Mr. Blunt, or the nameless writer whom he edits, tells his story systematically from his own point of view—if from that point of view he lays on praise and blame according to rule—we have no more to say against him than against partizan writers of any other side. But it somehow strikes us that partizan writing is in a manner softened when it has a good deal of room to display itself in. When the partizan has a field wide enough to argue his case, to give something like a full statement of his own position and the position of his enemies, the bitterness of controversial writing is in some degree tempered. But when the history of a controversial time is crowded up into a very short space, its bitterness is a good deal increased. The actual language need not be any fiercer than in a work on a larger scale. But the whole thing is somehow sharpened; we get, as it were, the concentrated essence of *odium theologicum*. There is an air of assumption and griggishness which might not show itself so strongly if exactly the same way of looking at things were spread over more pages. Still we can put up with all this and everything else, as long as people will keep to truth of statement in matters of fact. And without hiding either great books or small to a strictly annalistic method, we hold that a summary, above all things—and we suppose that a Key does in some sort partake of the character of a summary—should have a fair regard to chronological order, and should not too ambitiously affect that system of arrangement by subjects, rather than by dates, which is often successful in works on a greater scale.

Looking with these feelings at the "Key" now before us, we are driven by a strong sense of duty to appear in a character which is new to us, that of champions of King Henry the Eighth. But Sir Thomas More himself laid down the rule that sin it were to belie the Devil, and we presume that he would not have wished his own murderer to be shut out from the benefit of that charitable doctrine. Now we must charge Mr. Blunt, or whoever it is that Mr. Blunt has taken under his protection, with belying Henry the Eighth to no small amount. We do not think that we ever read a passage more flagrantly unfair than the following:—

The King's favourites and courtiers were allowed to seize on monasteries and numerous almost at their will, and only a very small portion, something like a fiftieth part of the whole, was devoted to founding new bishoprics and kindred objects. Some of the monks received small pensions, many more were put to death or died of grief and want, and others lived on in great distress and poverty. Many of the lay monks turned to secular employments for a livelihood, while a few of those in Holy Orders were presented to benefices.

Now who would think from this that the rule—a rule to which there may have been exceptions, but which certainly was fairly carried out in the great mass of cases—was that each monk received either a pension or some ecclesiastical preferment? There were monks receiving their pensions as late as the time of James the First, and, though the pensions of the ordinary monks were not large, they were certainly enough to keep them from dying of want. As for "dying of grief," or "living on in great distress," such things—at all events the latter—always happen in all great revolutions; but in this case at least they were certainly not caused by actual want of bodily sustenance. Such a statement as this leaves wholly out of sight the many cases in which monks were at once appointed to offices elsewhere, or even went on in their old homes under new titles. From Mr. Blunt's account no one would dream of such a state of things as that of Peterborough, where the last Abbot became the first Bishop, and the Prior of St. Andrew's at Northampton the first Dean, or that of Christ Church, Canterbury, where the Prior went on as Dean, and a large body of the monks became Prebendaries, Minor Canons, and other officers of the new foundation. As for many of the monks being "put to death," it is certain that the whole number of monks put to death on one

ground or another, from the beginning to the end of Henry's reign, would, if added up, look unpleasantly large. But to talk in this way, while describing the suppression of the monasteries, of many monks—"many more" than those who received pensions—being "put to death," would suggest the idea that the suppression of a monastery was much such a process as taking a town by storm, and that it is apt to be accompanied by a massacre. And this comes after a statement that "many monks and abbots who refused to surrender their abbey, or reveal where the treasures of their houses were hidden, suffered cruel deaths as traitors"; it comes after an account of the execution—we have no objection to calling it the murder or the martyrdom—of Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury; it comes after the oddly worded statement that, besides Whiting, "to intimidate the rest, several of these old dignitaries"—that is, we presume, the Abbots of Reading and Colchester—"were executed." The writer seems to be in much the same state as a person of an inquiring mind who was once found—we think it was on an archaeological excursion—in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury Tor. On hearing that there it was that the last Abbot was hanged, the question came, in a tone of deep sympathy, "Was it usual to hang the Abbots?" Mr. Blunt, or whoever it is that he edits, evidently thinks that it was usual.

It is hardly necessary to go all through the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the reader can pretty well guess the treatment which most controversial subjects are likely to meet with at such hands. But in turning over the pages we light on an odd statement that in the latter years of William the Third the name "Low Church" "was given to those who sided with Government in oppressing the Church and favouring Dissenters." Now we really do not know what is meant by oppressing the Church, because the writer, though he expresses himself very guardedly, does not directly commit himself to the Non-juring schism. And, except the deprivation of the Non-juring clergy, we really do not see what act in England—and the writer is not here speaking of Scotland—at this time can be called oppression of the Church. We will not believe that it is held to be oppression of the Church when an end is put to the oppression of Dissenters. In the next page we are amused by reading, as if it were something very frightful, of a sermon of Hoadley, "in which the doctrine of the divine right of Kings was openly attacked, and the will of the people stated to be that by which rulers govern." And directly after we read how Hoadley was made Bishop of Bangor, and how "a few months after his appointment the new bishop wrote a treatise which denied, not only the divine right of kings, but also the value of episcopacy and Church ordinances." There is something not a little pleasing in the calm way in which the figment of the first half of the seventeenth century is assumed as an eternal truth, which only the most abandoned of men could think of doubting. Coming nearer to our own times we get such an odd union of things as the following:—

In A.D. 1853 Jews were admitted into Parliament, and in the same year an agitation was set on foot for obtaining a revision of the Book of Common Prayer in such a direction as would eliminate from it all distinctive Church doctrine.

We suppose that there is meant to be some connexion between the two events which are thus divided by nothing greater than a comma; but we certainly had never remarked that the Jewish members of the House had devoted themselves in any marked way to movements tending to "eliminate"—whatever that may be—distinctive doctrine of any kind. It is doubtless with a little bit of spite that we read in the next page—

The hope of tranquillizing Ireland was an argument much insisted on for obtaining the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act in A.D. 1828 [sic], though the measure cannot be said in this way to have answered the expectations of its promoters.

Then comes the abolition of the ten Irish Bishoprics, and lastly:—

In A.D. 1869, a similarly arbitrary measure completed the work of spoliation by disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Ireland, its revenues being confiscated to a large extent for the support of Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums.

We have not the least objection to the use of the word "confiscated." The revenues of the Irish Church were confiscated, rightly and lawfully confiscated, by that power which alone has authority to confiscate anything. But we have no doubt that the writer thought that a very clever point was made by using the word "confiscate" in its vulgar Disraelite sense of "rob." There is of course a great deal about modern controversies, and the Tractarian movement is described as beginning from "the dangers which threatened the Church from the new constitution of the House of Commons through the admission of Dissenters by the Reform Bill of A.D. 1832." This is a feature of the Reform Bill of which we certainly never heard before. But we will not go through the whole story of modern disputes, as it may be more edifying to show how perfectly impartial our *via media* writer is, and how little inclined to show more pity to the error of excess than to the error of defect. Here is the history of what was once famous under the name of the Papal Aggression:—

In A.D. 1850, Pope Pius IX. formally established the schismatical position of the Romanists in England, by appointing an Archbishop of Westminster and twelve other Roman bishops. The excitement caused by this un-

authorized intrusion of foreign bishops into dioceses already provided with bishops of the Church of England was very great, but unfortunately too much mixed up with unreasonable fanaticism to produce any serviceable or permanent results.

Now this way of speaking of Roman Catholics in England, as schismatics, dissenters, and the like, does always seem to us to be the very extreme of orthodox priggishness. No doubt such language is the logical inference from the strict Anglican theory, but it is just one of those points on which the common sense of mankind revolts against logic. So again we have the same sort of priggishness when we read of "a Council held at Rome, and falsely called Ecumenical, in A.D. 1870." Falsely no doubt, as, without any theory, we may learn from any map which takes in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch. But that point of view will not supply the special delight with which we feel sure that Mr. Blunt or his author wrote down the words "falsely called Ecumenical."

While dealing with the map, we must copy an amazing piece of ecclesiastical geography:—

Those portions of Switzerland which remained Catholic were, until the time of the French Revolution, under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Constance, Mentz, Besançon, and Milan. After the Treaty of A.D. 1815 the Pope appointed a vicar apostolic to govern the Swiss Church, but this arrangement was unsatisfactory to the country, and by a Concordat effected in A.D. 1845 five bishoprics were erected, the apostolic nuncio at Lucerne acting as metropolitan.

Now the description of the former state of things is so hopeless a jumble that it would take a page to set forth all the mistakes; so we will only ask our readers to compare it with Spruner's ecclesiastical maps. As for the state of things now, we do not profess to be masters of the mysteries of Legates and Vicars Apostolic; but in what conceivable sense can the Bishoprics of Chur, Sitten, Geneva, and Basel be said to have been "created in 1845"?

Lastly, we judge that in our author's eyes the persecution of Moors and Moriscos is, to say the least, not more than a venial sin:—

Notwithstanding the measures taken to rid Spain of the Moors, many of them lingered on in the country, baptized indeed, but still secretly clinging to their old faith and customs. This conduct drew forth much mistaken severity from the Spanish Inquisition, and multitudes of these Moriscos, as they were called, as well as of Jews, fell victims to their own errors and to the stern character which circumstances and national temperament had impressed on Spanish Christianity.

A CAST OF THE DICE.*

IN a single volume of moderate size the *Cast of the Dice* includes a melodramatic romance and a lively novel of everyday life. Throughout the greater part of the story the various personages spend their time in picnics and dances, and in forming with one another more or less sentimental relations, which gradually settle down into two or three definite love affairs, involving a corresponding number of rivalries. Deaths and personal feuds interrupt with ingenious pertinacity the smooth course of love, until ultimately only one of the earlier blossoms is allowed to set into fruit. The throw of the dice which gives a title to the book is a method not unknown in some parts of Europe, by which two accomplished and agreeable young men on some unexplained cause of quarrel fight a mortal duel. The loser honourably performs his engagement by shooting himself through the head; and his friend determines to discover and punish the survivor. It might be objected that in such a case revenge is a violation of the conventional code of honour; but the morality of Corsica and Afghanistan is as consistent with human nature as the more refined theories of the Continental duellist. It is hardly necessary to add that the avenger falls in love with the sister of his intended victim, and that he prefers the sacrifice of his own happiness to the performance of his vow. It is either because such transactions could scarcely occur in England, or perhaps from deliberate preference of a somewhat less familiar region than a London drawing-room, that the scene of the tale is placed at Dresden, in a mixed society of English and German visitors and residents. As they are all excellent linguists, with the exception of a stupid and vulgar old gentleman who serves as the butt of the party, difference of language offers no impediment to free and pleasant intercourse. They all understand music, they all appreciate the great works of the Dresden Gallery, and some or all of them dance to perfection. For the ornamental and purely idle mode of existence which is the proper element of novels of society, no imaginary characters could be better suited. An artistic instinct suggested the introduction of deep shadows of death and revenge by way of background or shadow to a cheerful and sunny picture. It is not desirable to investigate too curiously the probability of events which are not altogether impossible.

The merit of the book consists mainly in the liveliness and unflagging spirit both of the narrative and of the dialogues. The writer is full of matter, which sometimes finds channels for itself in little digressions from the main line of the plot. The young gentlemen and ladies behave on ordinary occasions much like persons in real life; and even when they are periodically occupied with their mysteries and tragic complications, it is probable that their behaviour would in similar circumstances be found natural and suitable. The brevity of the book perhaps accounts for the

abrupt termination of some of the episodes which seem to have been originally designed for subsidiary purposes. In the preface to the *Excursion* Wordsworth compares his lyrical poems to the side aisles and chapels of a great cathedral, of which the longer work represents the nave. In that case the appendages were far more beautiful than the central mass; and indeed the relation existed only in the fancy of the architect. Mr. Julian Walters's composition rather resembles a symmetrical labyrinth of clipped yew-hedges in an old-fashioned garden. The reader eventually lights on the path which connects every entrance with the centre; but in the meantime he has been repeatedly baffled while he has tried promising openings which end in nothing. It must be admitted that his morning's walk has been by far more interesting than if it had followed a straight line in which no perplexity could have arisen. It is a doubtful question of literary morality whether a writer is bound to satisfy the expectations of experienced and sagacious students of fiction. As on the stage the chief actor almost always appears in the first or second scene of the drama, and in the most conspicuous place, it may be plausibly contended that the hero, the heroine, and the villain of a novel should be distinguished from the first by signs which may be understood by the initiated. In the *Cast of the Dice* the apparent hero of the first chapter is in the second ruthlessly put to death, and the perpetrator of the deed, instead of expanding into a villain, finally succeeds to the vacant post of hero, or rather to an equal share of the dignity, which is, as it were, put in commission. In his turn, after winning the affection of an English young lady who had been all but engaged to one of her own countrymen, he is killed in the war of 1866. It cannot be denied that a bad ending to the whole of a story, or to any branch of it, is within the competence of a novelist; but, as a general rule, preliminary disasters and slaughtering ought to be perpetrated at the expense of comparative strangeness to the plot. It would have been a serious misfortune if Hamlet, instead of his unknown father, had been murdered in the garden before the commencement of the play. An ethical question of a different kind is raised by the conduct, not of the author, but of the persons of his story. The German characters are supposed to be acquainted with the custom of duelling with dice, and they naturally attach no blame to the unfortunate lover who has complied with the terms of the bargain; but, with curious inconsistency, they attribute as a crime to the successful combatant his acquiescence in the result. Moralists in England may perhaps hold that a perfect philanthropist ought to release his defeated adversary from the honourable obligation of putting himself to death; but, if similar laxity were to prevail, the duel by tossing up would become ridiculous, while it would cease to be barbarous. Parolles himself would not hesitate to vindicate his honour by a mortal combat in which he would incur no danger. On the whole, if there is such a thing as duty in a moral world turned upside down, it is clear that the victorious combatant with the dice-box is bound to exact punctual payment of the stake. The combination of a strict regard for human life with proceedings which verge upon murder and suicide is almost or wholly impracticable. In the story the winning combatant, as if by an awkward attempt at compromise, adopts the worst of all possible courses. If he had adhered to the doctrines of orthodox benevolence, he ought to have released his adversary from the pledge, or rather he ought never to have fought the duel. During the three or four weeks which elapsed before the forfeiture was due he forgets his triumph, or regards it with complacency; and at last, suddenly changing his mind, he sends a letter to release his opponent, unfortunately with a wrong direction. The sympathy which attends Shylock when he is cheated by his adversaries and judges would have been largely impaired if he had at the last moment wavered in the assertion of his right; but it may be fairly contended that Shylock would have been out of place at the pension at Dresden, as brother of the beautiful Hilda and lover of the attractive Margaret.

The function of novelists is not unlike that of painters who look around them for landscapes and groups which are suited for representation. In the background of the present picture is a Bohemian castle with a widowed mother and an old priest, both brooding over revenge for the death of the favourite nursing of the house. In the centre are the party whose destinies are determined by their short season at Dresden, while their characters are dramatically displayed by their gestures and demeanour. Nothing can be more simple than that two young people should fall desperately in love while they are gazing or pretending to gaze on the Madonna of St. Sixtus. In actual life, and by stronger reason in fiction, a much smaller cause will serve to produce a natural result. It is also in accordance with common experience that a young lady should desert her half-accepted English lover for a picturesque foreigner who dances and sings and looks melancholy, and who can even make English verses. Such transactions proceed every day, and similar proceedings are described with more or less fidelity in many novels. It is the merit of Mr. Julian Walters that he makes a composition of his materials, and that his details are bright and lifelike. But for the name in the title-page, it might have been an amusing puzzle to conjecture whether the author was not rather an authoress. There is something of the minuteness of observation which has in this art, and in no other, enabled women to attain the foremost rank; yet an accurate critic would on the whole have decided in favour of a masculine origin. The melodrama which forms an essential part of the story might be consistent with either supposition. It is by the construction of

* *A Cast of the Dice*. By Julian Walters. London: Chapman & Hall.

character and by the expression of sentiment that male and female authors are most easily distinguished. Women seldom or never create a manly man; and it is highly probable that their rivals are equally unskilful in their delineation of women. In stories of domestic English life a rough indication is generally afforded by the choice between the drawing-room and the dining-room after dinner. Few novelists venture on a description of the mysteries with which they are respectively unacquainted. At Dresden, as might be expected, there is no temporary separation, and, as if to thwart curious inquiries, several confidential conversations among persons of the same sex are reported with apparent accuracy, or, in other words, with dramatic propriety. It is not impossible that in some respects the novel might have been better if it had been longer, inasmuch as there would have been room to work out more fully the minor characters and the collateral events. The story of the quarrel which led to the duel, and consequently to everything that happens afterwards, is left untold; and the fate of the English members of the Dresden group is somewhat hastily sketched at the end of the book. On the other hand, it is much better to be too short than to be too long; and the author has successfully avoided the fatal error of becoming tedious. With the exception of the comic old uncle, there is no one in the book whose company is troublesome; and there are many precedents of disagreeable characters who serve perhaps as foils or as indirect stimulants to readers of novels. It often happens that a first novel contains the accumulated experience and sentiment of years, and that in a second attempt a once successful writer only draws on an exhausted reservoir. Mr. Julian Walters has a fertility of invention and a freshness of thought which renders it probable that in another work he would be equally full of matter, and that he would have additional facility in disposing of his subject. Many an orator feels when he sits down that he could make a better speech of topics and illustrations which he has forgotten or omitted than his actual performance; and probably there are writers of fiction who would be the better for the training of a first trial, though it might have exhausted their weaker competitors.

COOKE'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH FUNGI.*

THOUGH more than one British Flora has in time past included, or attempted, a mycological section, yet it is more than a third of a century since the appearance of Berkeley's *Mycological Flora*, and in thirty-five years modern science has added much to its discoveries in this as well as in other fields. In truth, however, there has been little inducement to make such additions known, seeing that the whole race has been treated with undeserved contempt; and, lying under the stigma of a vulgar nickname, falsely but frequently applied to it *en masse*, it has been so overlooked, even by botanists, that while manuals more or less scientific of flowering plants exist in plenty to choose from, anything like a thorough conspectus of fungology has been always a desideratum. Nevertheless, for the economic uses of its genera and species, as well as for its singularity and oftentimes beauty, as a natural feature of wood and plain and of daily observation at home and abroad, the fungus is worthy of a closer and more familiar acquaintance; and in his present work Mr. Cooke has gone further towards promoting this than any other Englishman that can be named. Badham, Berkeley, and Bull are names of investigators to whom we owe all the light we have upon esculent fungi; and Mr. Cooke himself is the author of elementary introductions to this branch of botany, second to none of the writings of those authors. But till now there has been no English work on the subject fit to rank as a standard book of research and reference, so that these volumes step at once into a place too long vacant. Their only drawback is that, though vast pains have been lavished on the task of collection and classification, and though the initiated will find the work well nigh exhaustive within its limits, it presents the somewhat dry and uninviting aspect of a Flora without an introduction. The discovery of new matter has been so considerable as to interfere with and postpone the appearance of a concomitant introduction, a *sine quâ non* to the learner and beginner; and, though Mr. Cooke has used a sound discretion as to the adoption of a fanciful and transitional nomenclature of new genera from the Continent, the necessary dimensions of his new matter account for an omission which is not the less to be regretted.

It is indeed to the somewhat austere and rigidly scientific aspect of this Handbook that the fact of our not having noticed it earlier must be imputed. Fortunately, we have lately fallen in with the new and revised issue of the same author's *Plain and Easy Account of the British Fungi* (Hardwicke), and this, for want of a better, has served to us the purpose of an introduction, furnishing in a popular form a host of suggestive hints to work out and realize by aid of the more scientific book. In fact, it is hard to see how else than by such an introduction are to be discovered those landmarks of classification which make the afterwork of reference to the genera, sub-genera, and species of the larger Handbook easy and interesting. There are the so-called Cohorts, for example, which comprehend the whole race in the twofold division

of *sporiferi*, which have the spores or reproductive bodies naked or exposed, and the *sporidiferi*, which have these contained in bags. There are, again, the four families which constitute the first cohort or division, according as they have the hymenium (or fructifying surface, distributed over gills, tubes, pores, or fibres) the most prominent object, or wrapt in a peridium or womb, from which it is expelled when mature; or have the spores most conspicuous and minute, and of a dustlike nature; or, again, have their spores borne upon distinctive threads—of which families our ideal mushroom, puffball, mildew, and blue-mould may be taken as respective types. The other division consists of a very interesting group, technically termed "ascomycetes," from the cells in which the spores are developed—a group which contains the morels, and their substitutes the *Helvellas*, the truffles, and other genera which, though not like the last-named dainties and esculents, have such a curious connexion as the *Helotium* and the *Claviceps*. This second division is linked to the first by a group of "mycorrhizous fungi," the so-called *Physomyces*, which have their spores enclosed in bladder-like cells. Of the members of all these families, the properties, habitats, forms, and physique of each, it would be impossible in moderate limits to give even the most cursory account. In the most prominent order of the first family, the *Agaricini*, or gill-bearers, a test or criterion is whether the gills which traverse the under surface of the cap or pileus are *remote*, *free*, *adnate*, or *decurent*; and though these distinctive epithets are duly and exactly given in the Handbook, it is the lesser volume which tells us that they refer to the relation of the interior extremities of the gills to the stem of each particular fungus. In discriminating agarics which have some seeming resemblance this test may be applied amongst others—as, for instance, though the parasol agaric (*procerus*) differs more from *Agaricus* *rachodes* and *A. excoriatus* in the thicker cuticle of its pileus than in the relation of the gills to the stem, yet, as the Handbook notes, these in "*procerus*" are *very remote*, in *rachodes remote*, and in *excoriatus rather remote* (pp. 12-13). As *A. procerus* is the only one of the three which Mr. Cooke ventures to recommend for cooking, the tests of "which is which" are of some importance.

Under the sub-genus *Tricholoma*—a group of agarics with their gills notched at the end next the stem, and one which has the recommendation of having many fairly esculent and no unwholesome species—comes the *Agaricus Gambosus*, or St. George's mushroom, which is all the more precious as its advent is *vernal*, and not, as is the case with most esculent fungi, *autumnal*. Probably this is the origin of its popular name, and one of the criteria by which we reject the pretensions to it of another claimant, *Prunulus*. The latter, besides appearing in autumn, is found in the woods, and not as the former, in the pastures, and belongs to the series with salmon-coloured spores, whereas *A. Gambosus* is a member of the white-spored series. The new-meal odour of the pretender, which, however, is not only innocent, but wholesome, is another point of distinction from the rightful "St. George," which is rather strong-scented. The *Agaricus ostreatus*, another white-spored agaric of esculent qualities, has a like pretender to its honours; but whilst the similarity might lead to dangerous consequences, seeing that both are not equally edible, the true is an autumnal, the false a spring visitant.

Respecting the distinctions between the *Agaricus campestris* and the *A. arvensis*—the former the common, the latter the horse-mushroom—mycologists do not appear to be so particular as gourmands; and for the matter of that, out of England neither of them is held in such esteem as many other fungi which we do not venture to adopt as food. Both belong to the brown-spored species of agaric, and the gills of the *arvensis* are at first paler and then darker than the *campestris*. In this case, as in others, it is a sound caution to reject all that betray age and that are not fresh gathered, and there is plausibility in Mr. Cooke's suggestion that the horse-mushroom might be improved by cultivation, so as to rival in every respect the ordinary mushroom of the made beds.

Among the other genera of the order *Agaricini* are several which are both esculent and possessed of other curious properties. From the black spores of the *Coprinus comatus*, or "maned agaric," the Robinson Crusoe's Cap of fungology, edible when young, and doubtless used for ketchups, as well as from an allied species, is produced a black fluid, which, boiled and strained, and prevented from getting mouldy by the addition of a little corrosive sublimate, produces a very good ink. Then there are the *Hygrophori*, with three culinary species; the *Lactarii*, with two, which the "Handbook" and the "Plain and Easy Account" distinguish lucidly from other and less pleasant or wholesome species; the brilliant "*rusulas*," of which *R. Vesca* is edible, but most rare; and *Russula emetica*, brilliant, noxious, and rare, happily, also. Mr. Cooke notes that this last class is best avoided for fear of a mistake; and there is good ground for the caution, now that curiosity seems to be gradually taking the place of the indifference which is evidenced by the absence of any popular names for so many genera of fungi. Of the *Agaricini* it must be said in praise, that "out of 1,000 species one-tenth are esculent, and one-sixth part not unwholesome."

In the second order, the *Polyporei*, or "pore-bearing fungi," so called from having the under surface of the pileus pricked and perforated with pores, which represent the extremities of connected tubes on the inner lining of which is borne the fructifying

* *Handbook of British Fungi*. With full Descriptions of all the Species, and Illustrations of the Genera. By M. C. Cooke, M.A. London: Macmillan. 1871.

surface, one well-known genus is the *Boletus*. Of this there are good, bad, and indifferent species; the best, "*Edulis*," distinguishable from its congeners by the reticulation of its stem, and the effect of cutting upon the colour of the juice or milk of the stem. In the unwholesome species this speedily turns blue. *Boleti* with reddish stems, or with red or crimson under surface of pileus, should, we are taught, be summarily rejected, under which ban would come the "*Boletus Satanas*" (so called, doubtless, because "it plays the devil" with the stomach and life of the eater), and "*Boletus luridus*," with stems blood-red and vermilion-red respectively (see Handbook, pp. 257-8). A not less interesting genus is the *Polyporus*, which differs from the last-named in having its pores less easily separable. Of these there is a great variety, some being succulent, others as dense and hard as wood. We quote the *Polyporus squamosus*, distinguishable by its lateral stem, and its scaly, pale-ochre, fan-shaped pileus, not for its edible qualities—for, as Mrs. Hussey says, "you might as well eat saddle-flaps"—but because of its enormous and rapid growth. "Dr. Greville mentions an instance of its attaining a circumference of seven feet five inches, and weighing thirty-four pounds, after having been cut four days." Its most ingenious use is to make razor-strops, for which "*Polyporus betulinus*," growing on birch trees, as "*squamosus*" does on decayed ash, will do as well. "*Polyporus intybacus*," said to be edible when its dark-coloured pileus, which is so broken up as to resemble a cluster of distinct individuals, is cut off, and only the branching stem stewed, is rather uncommon in England; but "*P. sulphureus*," very commonly seen on the trunks of trees, and consisting of a branched mass of "*pileoli*," though not edible, is notable for its phosphorescence when under the process of decomposition. The luminosity of fungi is a property said to be more observable in the tropics than in our temperate regions; but Mr. Cooke reminds the readers of his smaller book (p. 8) that what schoolboys called *touchwood* was the decaying wood of an old stump, permeated with the mycelium of a fungus. We might dwell upon other genera of the pore-bearing fungi—for instance, the *Merulius*, a species of which, *M. lacrymans*, is known under the name of *dry rot*. Not that it is dry, but drying. As if weeping for the havoc it is destined to do, it turns the structure to which it clings to dust, and the only antidote to its mischief is creosote. Or we might notice the tooth-bearing fungi of Order III., among which the typical genus is the *Hydnum*, several species of which are edible; the club-bearing fungi, of which some kinds, with white spores, are eaten, cooked like asparagus; and one, *Sparassis crispa*, is said to resemble a cauliflower, and to be excellent eating. But we must pass by these and a vast number of other orders and families, and content ourselves with noting one or two curiosities of the "Mould" family of fungi, and of particular genera of the cup-like, and often almost microscopic *Elvellacei*. The "yeast plant" is a fungus belonging to the *blue moulds* or "*Mucedines*" (cf. 102 "*Easy Account*," and pp. 601-2 of the "*Handbook*"), and to the genus *Penicillium*. To the same order of Moulds belongs the fungus, discoverable only by the microscope, which Mr. Berkeley and Professor Goodair, with the concurrence of eminent German men of science, have declared to be the cause of the potato disease. This is by Berkeley and in Stephens's *Book of the Farm* (i. 2, 019-20) called "*Botrytis infestans*"; by Mr. Cooke it is referred to the genus *Peronospora*, the same ill-omened epithet being attached (see p. 593). Its slender threads of mycelium penetrate the tender stems and leaves and tubers of the potato, just as other roots are penetrated by kindred *peronosporae*. Here, then, is a case in which an acquaintance with mycology might subvert other uses than to minister to the tastes of the epicure, or please the curious eye of the student of nature. This potato-infesting "mould" is not noticed in Mr. Cooke's lesser book, but it is described and illustrated with great exactness in his Handbook. So, when we come to the order to which belongs our English substitute for the Morell, the *Helvella crispa*, he describes a curious genus allied to the beautiful *Pezizas*, from which it differs in having its disc open instead of closed, and in being somewhat more uncommon. Not useful for food, it has indirectly contributed to the curiosities of English manufacture. For the handsome Tunbridge ware is used a variety of English oak timber of a mineral green colour. This colouring is due to the presence of a fungus:—

A handsome little species resembling a *Peziza* (*Helotium aruginosum*) traverses with its mycelium the whole fabric of such wood, and these minute threads give their green tint to the timber. When examined under the microscope the beautiful network of the mycelium is distinctly seen. This fungus attacks the fallen oak branches, and the timber affected by it is generally small in diameter; but, from the minute size required in the manufacture for which it is employed, it answers equally with the largest. Green wood is so exceedingly uncommon that, although in a state of decay, the green oak becomes of a marketable value. The little green open cups of this *Helotium* are not so commonly met with as the timber showing traces of its mycelium.—P. 112, "*Easy Account*."

For equally lively descriptions of the virtues and uses of particular classes of fungi Mr. Cooke's lesser book may be referred to with a certainty of satisfaction. The larger Handbook will supply the precise and scientific data respecting each. For his promised Introduction to it we shall look with interest.

THE RAJAH OF KOLHAPOOR.*

LONDON society has for some years past admitted in an increasing degree within its pale an element altogether new, and by no means without significance. A stream of visitors from our great Eastern dependency perpetually setting through the Western metropolis has something in it to call up suggestions of a time when the Orontes newly flowed into the Tiber. In the more distinguished of these cases we have the agreeable blending of all that is highest and best in the most opposite types of civilization. The suavity and suppleness of the most ancient aristocracy in the world are shown in harmony with the more solid culture and stiffer demeanour of European training. The swart features and the lithe grace of Eastern physique gain relief from, or impart a picturesqueness to, the groups among which our new guests find themselves brought into free and friendly contact. Gorgeous in kinkhob or in flaming turbans, our Indian magnificences light up the funereal gloom of male attire, to the delight and pride of many a hostess, in London drawing-rooms. Ready and fluent even to glibness in small talk, they overwhelm the average insular intelligence with their command of the English tongue, which they speak, be it noted, with a grammatical correctness and an absence of slang altogether above the ordinary colloquial standard. Many of their number win for themselves high places in the competition for legal, literary, or medical honours, and not a few seem likely to cluster together into a new and hopeful brotherhood in the community of trade. Subtle and keen of intellect, initiated from early years into the lore both of native and Western philosophy, their professed belief is for the most part that of utter and intense materialism, whilst their emancipation from the trammels of the past gives them a thorough indifference to being judged in meat or in drink or in respect of a holy day. Neither Koran nor Shaster stands in the way of indulgence in the European's choicest tastes in food or liquor. Carrying back to the land of their birth ideas and habits acquired or strengthened during their Western sojourn, it is of the highest import to know what is likely to come of the heaven thus gradually spreading itself through the wide mass of Indian society. What degree of change is to be expected in the Oriental mind itself? What will be the novel relations between the native class and their English fellow-subjects, between whom and themselves the social and intellectual gulf of former days has to so great an extent been bridged? As a further point of interest and moment, we shall be glad to know somewhat of the impressions formed upon observant and reflecting minds like theirs by what our guests have seen and stored up of our own ways of action, thought, and social organization. English life and manners can hardly fail of eventual, if indirect, gain from having a fresh and penetrating eye turned upon their points of weakness or anomaly. Home society will at all events have the gain of a novel sensation from seeing its features held up to view in the mirror of a bright and polished alien criticism.

Of what we may look forward to seeing as a new class of Anglo-Indian literature a kind of first-fruit has come before us in the *Diary of the late Rajah of Kolhapoor* (we follow the editor in his mode of spelling the name of this State, although not more satisfied than he professes himself to be as to its being the best). Of the critical worth of the Rajah's record of what he saw and heard during his stay amongst us we have not much to say. It amounts to little more than the daily round of sight-seeing and visit-paying which a stranger of rank and of social instincts would naturally go through. His editor is nevertheless right in believing that its appearance in print will have an interest, not for those alone with whom the young prince was brought into personal contact during his brief stay, but for that larger section of the public to whom Indian topics of whatever kind are of growing concern. The Kolhapoor Rajah was the first actually reigning Hindoo who had paid England a visit. During the six months spent by him in this island, the young prince, only twenty-two years of age, won golden opinions wherever he went. Speaking our language fluently and correctly, he could enter with ease and enjoyment into all that the best society had to offer in the way of instruction or amusement. His mildness and refinement of manner, joined with his quickness in receiving impressions, raised an amount of promise which was sadly blighted by the news of his death from violent internal congestion within a few days of quitting our shores. The burning of the corpse of an Indian prince in accordance with the rites of the Hindoo religion, for which permission was after some difficulty obtained from the Italian Government through the good offices of the British Minister, Sir A. Paget, was a strange spectacle upon the banks of the Arno. In his native State the public grief at his premature loss was mingled with sinister misgivings and searchings of heart among the stricter circles of native orthodoxy, connecting itself as it did with the decease of the Rajah of Kuppurthulla on his way to England across the black water. By none was the prince more sincerely mourned than by the officer who knew him best, under whose charge as governor and political agent he had been for four years in India, and by whom the young Rajah was accompanied during his European tour. Having watched with intense interest the effects of this visit upon a mind which he had himself care-

* *Diary of the late Rajah of Kolhapoor during his Visit to Europe in 1870.* Edited by Captain Edward W. West, of the Bombay Staff Corps, and Assistant to the Political Agent, Kolhapoor and Southern Maratha Country. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

fully trained and studied, Captain West speaks with an authority which no one else could possess of the many good qualities that endeared his young charge to all around him. Without boasting any unusual amount of intellect, his faculties of observation were keen and correct. Too little given to habits of reflection and analysis, he has not indeed enabled us to see much of the effect wrought upon his own mind by what he saw and heard. One highly sensible remark of his, however, we learn from a letter written to a friend in India not long after his arrival in England—namely, that he had learned how very insignificant a person the Rajah of Kolhapoor was out of his own territory. A certain shock was produced upon his mind by the sight of how little state was kept up by high officials, the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for India walking quietly to a railway station, carrying their own umbrellas. The tenor of his diary in general is that of a simple record of the people he had met with and the sights he had seen from day to day, expressed in almost boyish language, and showing a disposition to be pleased with everything and everybody. He attends lectures and concerts, dances quadrilles and lancers, and has no objection to champagne. He has always an ear especially open to all mention of Indian subjects, and was forcibly struck at the British Association meeting at Liverpool by the paper on Indian ports and harbours, though even more attractive was the Mayor's ball, where two thousand persons were present, where he was introduced to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and "enjoyed this evening immensely." Vigorously as he threw himself into all that was characteristic of European life, he was careful enough while in London, on the 4th of October, to celebrate the Hindoo feast of Dussera; and on the 24th of the same month, after his return from Ireland, to keep the Dewallee holiday. Altogether he "felt leaving England." Among the impressions which were either created or strengthened in the young prince's mind by his sojourn here were those of the need for the emancipation of women from the bondage under which they labour in India. One of his last acts before leaving this country was to make arrangements for sending out an English governess for the education of his family.

In his introduction Captain West gives a short sketch of the history and present constitution of the Kolhapoor State, with such particulars of the late Rajah's ancestry as are needed for the edification of those who are imperfectly conversant with Indian matters. By the genius and energy of Sivajee, however, shadowed in part by the conquering might of Aurungzebe, the Mahrattas, who had for three centuries almost disappeared under the Mussulman yoke, were raised towards the end of the seventeenth century into the ruling Power of India. Readers of Captain Meadows Taylor's interesting *Tara, a Mahratta Tale*, will retain in mind the recital of the romantic series of plots and stratagems culminating in the treacherous murder of Afzool Khan, the Mahomedan leader, whereby Sivajee, believed to be under the special patronage of the goddess Bowanee, carved for himself a kingdom out of the neighbouring State of Bejapoor. But for the check received from the Afghan invaders on the North-west, and afterwards from the English, the Mahrattas would ere long have been more truly lords paramount in India than ever were the Moguls. At his death, in 1680, Sivajee left two sons, Sumbajee and Rajaram, the former of whom was put to death, and the latter imprisoned by Aurungzebe, by whose machinations the descendants of Rajaram were reduced to the limits of Kolhapoor and Sattara, under two separate, though kindred, dynasties. Sattara, from the failure of direct heirs to the last Rajah, lapsed to the British Crown in 1849, Kolhapoor remaining still an independent territory, though not playing a prominent part in the history of India. The direct line of Sivajee lapsing in 1760, an heir was adopted from a collateral branch of the family with whom the first treaty was made by the British Government in 1765, followed by others whereby, in 1812, the Rajah ceded his chief port and acquired for his remaining possessions the British guarantee. His successor, showing himself our staunch ally during our war with the Peishwar, was rewarded with a grant of two districts previously wrested from him, as well as with a further guarantee. By the murder of this prince in 1821 the State passed to his brother Bowa Sahib, whose turbulence drew upon him more than one expedition of British troops, followed by forfeiture of territory. His death in 1837 led to the appointment of a regency, his son being but a child, and in 1844, serious disturbances having broken out, a political superintendent was permanently appointed by the British Government, since which the State of Kolhapoor has enjoyed marked peace and prosperity. During the mutiny, in spite of a local outbreak or two, the district remained quiet as a whole, and the Rajah was for his fidelity rewarded with the Star of India. On his death-bed, in 1866, he adopted as his heir his sister's son Nagojee Rao, then but sixteen years of age, who, by the change of name customary upon adoption, was thenceforward called Rajaram. Brought up under the care of Captain West, aided by a Parsee graduate of the Bombay University, the young Rajah showed from an early age an aptitude for public business, and in 1870 was formally placed in charge of what is known as the Khasgee, or private department of State, as a preparation for the more ample discharge of State affairs. In that year his strong desire to visit England, overcoming all the obstacles so formidable to a Hindoo, led to the journey which ended so disastrously for the young prince himself, and for the hopes of a long and useful career which had been built upon his many promising qualities. His diary, slightly corrected or pruned, as we are assured by the editor, here

and there, deserves to be regarded as a hopeful sign of what has been done and is doing under British auspices for the training of the native rulers of India.

WITHOUT KITH OR KIN.*

THE sufferings of two little waifs and strays, runaways from a travelling booth where the one has to tumble and the other to dance and sing, and where both are ill treated, begin the story of *Without Kith or Kin*. In a book of this kind we are not required to accept everything literally, else we might take exception to the children's experiences, which remind us a little too much of those old romances where lovely ladies are carried off by bold robbers and kept in caves and woods, with a happy immunity from meteorological conditions or millinery exigencies. Liz and Joe, aged respectively nine and seven, vanish one night from the caravan where they and their tyrants sleep, and set out into the darkness and the "great, lonely, unknown world," with a silver sixpence in his pocket and a penny in hers as their sole wealth. For more than a fortnight they wander about with but little food and no kind of shelter, sleeping on doorsteps in the towns, on felled trees or wet bracken in the woods, living on raw corn, varied by blackberries, with occasional spells of bread and coffee when folks were charitable and the piping voice of the girl had earned a few pence to keep them from actual starvation. But we fancy that two such tender young creatures would have succumbed sooner than they did; and that if they had gone through half the privations assigned to them, they would have died long before they came to the house of strict, straightforward, unimaginative, but kindly Mrs. Breton. Again, we might object to the preponderance of womanliness in Liz at nine years of age, as contrasted with the weakness of Joe at seven. Our own masculine pride may be piqued at the preference; no one knows his own feelings; but as students of humanity we really think Miss Craik has been unjust in the apportionment of strength and unselfishness, and that if she has not made Joe too "thin-natured" and disagreeable altogether, she has drawn Liz as virtuous out of all proportion to her age and education. There is a certain acidity too in the author's mode of speaking of Joe that is not pleasant, because so entirely unphilosophical. A child cannot be judged by the rules of a high morality, nor can its childish faults be held as real and essential things. It is scarcely more reprehensible, in any grave sense, than a horse or a dog, though for purposes of education it has to be taught the difference between right and wrong, and punished for its mistakes; and to blame it too rigorously for want of courage or constancy, or of the power of bearing up against pain and privation, is to blame the blossom for not bearing fruit, and to call the sapling weak because it is not as sturdy as the oak.

In her anxiety to avoid all dubious imputations, Miss Craik has surely made her runagates too young for the one part and too innocent for the other. Children of the ages of Joe and Liz, who have been knocked about the world with a travelling booth, get wonderfully sharp in certain directions; and we very much doubt the truth of that trembling, shrinking delicacy ascribed to Liz, or the maintenance, after a little experience, of her modest dislike to her not immodest displays on "the boards." In point of fact, acrobats and showmen of all ages and kinds love their profession. The children are delighted at the glitter and the applause, and the elders think nothing equal to their own performances, and are the proudest and most contented people in the world. And in point of fact, too, no showman would have kept either Joe or Liz if he had not been able to make more of them than "Old Shakes" seems to have done. Their continuance at the booth argues an exceptional amount of amiability on his part, for he evidently does not think he gets his shilling's worth for his shilling, if he feels, as he says, that, had "Liz done her dooty she'd have been an Infant Prodigy before this," and that thin-natured little Joe purposely slips and slides down to mother earth when he ought to be tumbling bravely in mid-air, and forming the apex of the Living Pyramid. These little discrepancies between fact and fable, and a certain tendency to diffuseness and padding, are the main faults observable in *Without Kith or Kin*; unless we count the slavish adoration of Elizabeth for David Wentworth a fault, as we fancy many of Miss Craik's younger and more high-spirited lady readers will. Nevertheless Elizabeth August, if somewhat too sickly and sentimental, and decidedly too much of a Griselda in her want of dignity and self-respect, deserves consideration as the portrait of a pure, unselfish, and devoted woman, with a large power of love and as large a power of self-suppression, a natural martyr, and misunderstood from the beginning, always giving more of sympathy, if not of direct help, than she receives, and bearing on her hands the spiritual burdens of her friends, who however never so much as touch her sorrows with their little fingers.

Elizabeth's history ranges over a wide space of time; from the age of nine to that of past forty; but the keynote is struck in the beginning when, a half-starved little runaway, she goes without her rightful share of the loaf that Joe may have more than his, and gives him up the best of everything, though he repays her only with ingratitude. We cannot say, however, that

* *Without Kith or Kin*. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," "Hero Trevelyan," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

we have much sense of growth or development in this character. Liz at nine and Elizabeth August at past forty are essentially the same. There is no attempt at that subtle character-painting which portrays growth while it includes identity, and which shows how, by the gradual changes wrought by age and experience, the mind takes this or that more determined direction, and things which were in the beginning only mere indications become leading and dominant characteristics. A few skilful touches can suggest all this, without going into tedious details; but these touches are just the difficulties of the art, and it is given but to few to accomplish them. At the worst, however, if Miss Craik's simple method suggests a curious monotony and stagnation in Elizabeth August, it preserves a certain homogeneity which might have been lost if she had attempted a more ambitious and analytical delineation.

The best character in the book, because the most marked and individual, is that of Mrs. Breton. Kind yet arbitrary, shrewd yet generous, she does good in her generation, yet makes people excessively unhappy in the process. She takes care of Joe in his mortal illness, and charges herself with the future well-being of Liz. But she shows neither to the dying child nor the desolate one any of that warm maternal instinct with which it might be imagined she must be overflowing; and though she interests herself in the little girl, and has her educated well and carefully for a governess, instead of, as would have seemed more natural, either sending her to the workhouse or bringing her up as a servant, she never seems to remember that Liz is a human being with affections that need gratifying, and probably with independent wishes of her own, but manipulates her as she might have manipulated a lump of wax or a block of wood bound to take such shape as it pleased her to impose on it. Also, in her action with her daughter Mabel of the golden tresses, whose misplaced attachment she interrupts with so much decision, though perfectly right in what she does, she yet manages to give that sentimental young lady a great deal more pain than need be, chiefly because of that want of womanly tenderness which yet can exist with essential kindness and good meaning; as indeed Miss Craik has indicated with considerable cleverness. Mrs. Breton is a specimen of a hard-headed woman with a strong will; and we own that the portrait, though meriting our respect, by no means wins our love. The elder of her two daughters, Pauline, who marries a man odd enough to leave his own place and peril his wife's health and his children's lives in India, on the plea of having something to do, is a happy medium between her mother's surplussage of decision and her sister's excess of sentiment; indeed, she is the most charming of all the women, and undoubtedly the most healthy.

Of David Wentworth, Elizabeth's ideal, we cannot say much beyond the confession that he is an ideal—that is, a lovely creature without bones, muscles, or articulations; a semi-divine personage devoid of all human weaknesses, but devoid also of most human qualities; a portrait much too idealistic to be true. He is one of those loftily familiar beings, too, who call a woman "child" on an early acquaintance, and who gracefully allow themselves to be loved, magnanimously dropping little crumbs of comfort and encouragement by the way just to keep the fire up to its proper temperature; but who at the same time take care not to compromise themselves by any premature avowal, and are content to live for years, offering themselves to silent adoration before they reward their patient worshippers with the longed-for word of love. We are not quite of the same mind as Elizabeth respecting Mr. Wentworth's perfections; but we are somewhat reconciled to him when, at the end, he does lift up his prostrate devotee when they are both of a ripe old age, and so makes bright the sunset of a life of which the morning had been tempestuous and the noon grey and overcast. Still we protest against this slavish and unsought love in a woman; though, at the same time, we admire the purity and delicacy with which Miss Craik has described the heroine's feelings and situations. This indeed is the greatest charm of the author. She is always pure, always lady-like; and if not so strong at all times, nor so philosophically just as might be, she is tender and aspiring, and with a keen sense of right and wrong.

We have spoken plainly of the faults of *Without Kith or Kin* because it has so many excellences that it can afford to be judged by a higher standard than usual. Miss Craik no longer requires the helping hand held out by kindly indulgence to well-meaning incompetency. She is an established writer with a clearly defined career, and of unmistakable capacity; but she must beware of sentimentalism and padding, and remember that ideality is better as a servant in literature than as a master.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT is no part of our task to enter into a detailed examination of such a work as Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology*.* It may suffice to say that the second volume now before us is limited to those portions of a general scheme of divinity which deal with

the nature, condition, history, and destiny of man; that it discusses at great length the doctrines of various sects and schools, theological and scientific, orthodox and heterodox, respecting the origin and antiquity of the human species, original sin, the scheme of redemption, election, predestination, and the other intricate questions affecting the character and fate of mankind which have been for centuries the theme of theological controversy; and that the author writes as an orthodox Protestant, a firm believer in the inspiration of Scripture, and a resolute disbeliever in most of the received conclusions of modern science. The volume contains more than 700 large octavo pages of pretty close type, and bears testimony to the diligence and learning of the writer, whatever judgment may be formed of his wisdom and discrimination.

Equally ponderous and extensive is Dr. Martyn Paine's work in defence of the immortality of the soul* and of the Scriptural history of creation against the materialistic tendencies which he ascribes to modern science. With the theological portion of his work we have no concern; its geological theories come more properly under our notice, and are curious from the vigour and vivacity with which the author reasserts views which among men of any pretensions to scientific culture have long since been obsolete. He insists that all the existing rocks, fossiliferous and other, were created at the date assigned to the creation of man, or subsequently, and that the coal measures are relics of the Noachian Deluge, the forests which covered the earth at that period having been swept *en masse* into the regions in which coal is now found, and there arranged in layers and buried beneath successive beds of shale and sand by the action of oceanic currents. The effects usually ascribed to a glacial epoch, supposed to have occurred some thousands of centuries before, Dr. Paine also regards as evidences of the Deluge; the raging floods having swept over the face of hills, carrying heavy masses of broken stone with them, abrading surfaces, marking the denuded rocks with vast scratches, and piling up in various places what are recognized by scientific geologists as "terminal moraines," besides depositing boulders in the places where they are now found. In other passages he challenges the chemists; disputing the reality of their supposed power to produce true organic substances—albumen, urea, &c.—in the laboratory, as well as strenuously denying the theory of spontaneous generation. Elsewhere he falls foul of the Darwinian theory, and of the geologists who have given in their adhesion to it. Considering the character, learning, and authority of some of the men whom he assails, and that he comes forward alone to impugn every result of modern scientific discovery, a little more modesty in laying down the law, and a little more deference towards the great names whose authority he disputes, would not have been unbecoming; but we are bound to allow that Dr. Paine does his best to be civil according to his lights, and that it is only his overweening confidence in views which the common consent of scientific men has pronounced absurd and untenable that brings him into such violent conflict with them, and gives to his writing the air of conceit and petulance that it wears. We need hardly say that the volume is not to be recommended to beginners; those who have really mastered the subjects of which it treats may find in it here and there grounds for reflection and reconsideration, and everywhere matter of amusement.

Dr. Wharton's "Conflict of Laws"† is a work of obvious painstaking and apparent merit on a very important and interesting subject. There are few more curious or less settled portions of jurisprudence than that which relates to what the author calls "Private International Law," or, in other words, the collision of the laws of different nations as it affects those persons who may from time to time be brought under their operation. For example, until very lately, a large number of the citizens of America, if taken in arms for their country against Great Britain, would have been technically liable to the penalties of treason; and German emigrants returning to their native country on a visit found themselves entangled in grave difficulties by the German system of military service, it having been the practice of nations in past times to assert an indefeasible claim over the allegiance of their born subjects, and England carrying that claim so far as to regard as Englishmen the children and grandchildren of an Englishman who might have settled and married abroad a century ago. The "conflict of laws" on this point—for the nations who maintained this theory never hesitated to naturalize each other's subjects—has now been settled by treaty so far as the United States are concerned. But there are still a multitude of cases in which private interests are seriously affected by the different laws of different countries. Among these are marriage and divorce. A Frenchman may come over to England, marry here, return to France, and repudiate his marriage

* *Physiology of the Soul and Instinct as distinguished from Materialism, with Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of the Creation and the Flood.* By Martyn Paine, A.M., LL.D., Professor in the Medical Department of the University of New York, Author of the "Institutes of Medicine," "Medical and Physiological Commentaries," &c. &c., Corresponding Member of the Royal Verein für Heilkunde in Preussen, &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *A Treatise on the Conflict of Laws, or Private International Law; including a Comparative View of Anglo-American, Roman, German, and French Jurisprudence.* By Francis Wharton, LL.D., Author of "A Treatise on American Criminal Law," "Precedents of Indictments," &c. Philadelphia: Kay & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

* *Systematic Theology.* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. Vol. II. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

because some requirement of French law—perhaps the consent of parents—was omitted. Or an Englishwoman may go over to America, profess to settle in Illinois, and obtain a divorce on the flimsiest grounds. In the States she can marry again, but her husband in England cannot do so; and the divorce would not be recognized in England for any purpose whatever, civil or criminal. Nay, similar difficulties have occurred when a Scotch Court has dissolved an English marriage; Scotland being for many purposes a foreign country. There are difficulties, again, where a man holding property in one country dies and leaves a will made according to the laws of another. The difference of commercial laws introduces perpetual subjects of difference. Extradition is another topic of great interest and considerable intricacy. All these points, together with that "law of domicile" which more or less governs them all, are elaborately discussed in Dr. Wharton's treatise, with a very full citation of cases and precedents, and in language simple enough to be intelligible to most cultivated men, even though they should not have received a legal training. The difficulty of finding a remedy for the "conflict of laws" increases as the nature and consequences of the conflict itself are more clearly understood; and if any one thinks that an extension of the principle of *lex loci contractus* could easily be made to settle all disputable points, we can only recommend him to study this volume carefully, and consider how the application of such a rule would have worked on some of the cases set forth.

Mr. David Dudley Field was a member of a Committee of Jurists of all nations appointed at the meeting of the British Social Science Association in 1866 to prepare and report the outlines of an International Code, with the view of having a complete code afterwards framed which might be submitted for the consideration and sanction of different Governments, and which, fortified by that sanction, might become in fact the public law of the civilized world. The work was distributed among the members of the Committee, and to Mr. Field, the author of the proposal, was assigned a special part of the task. Finding, however, that his colleagues were less zealous or less hopeful than himself, he thought it best to prepare in effect an outline of the entire code; and he here presents us with an instalment* which treats of the international law of times of peace. Proceeding upon the basis of existing law, but altering and enlarging all rules where necessary, giving in each instance reasons and explanations, Mr. Field has elaborated a code of rules to regulate the intercourse and mutual rights of nations during peace. He next deals with the rights of individuals in those cases in which the subjects of one country are most commonly affected by the difference between its laws and those of another, and which form the subject of Dr. Wharton's more complete and perhaps more effective treatise; and he proposes general regulations and definitions in regard to marriage, guardianship, property, copyright, money, weights and measures, contracts, and so forth, to govern all such cases, as well as a much-needed code of law for the government of ships while at sea, and the ascertainment of such points of commercial law as salvage and general average between subjects of different States. It is not likely, perhaps, that the work should attain its professed object, and serve even as the basis of a code; but it may nevertheless do excellent service in calling attention to the subject as a whole, in formulating the various floating rules and principles which hitherto have been scattered through a series of professional works; and in suggesting practical means of dealing with difficult or disputed points.

The most interesting of the works that form our list for this month is a brief and succinct State Paper transmitted by Governor Hoffman of New York to the State Legislature, containing a Report on the system of local taxation†, and the scheme of a new fiscal code, drawn up by three Commissioners, of whom Mr. David A. Wells, perhaps the highest and soundest authority on these subjects in America, is the first. The paper is all that might be expected from such an author; clear and accurate in its statements, logical in its inferences, practical and reasonable in its suggestions. It is curious that at a time when English reformers are complaining of the exemption of personality from local taxation, and of the unjust burdens thereby thrown on real property, American opinion is being gradually drawn by force of experience in the very opposite direction, and tends to relieve personal property from all direct imposts, in the belief that both realty and personality will profit in the long run by the change. It is not long since we noted a report by a Massachusetts official pointing out the mischievous influence of the local taxation of movable property in driving it with its owners from the highly taxed cities to the lightly rated villages. It is more difficult to evade State taxes in this way; but the present Report shows reason to believe that the greater portion of the taxable personality of the State does contrive to evade the burden, which consequently falls most unequally on such property as cannot escape. It will be remembered that American direct taxation is levied on capital values, not on income, and often ranges as high as one and a half or two per cent. upon the former. Thus the large incomes often earned by professional labour are exempt, while realized property and savings, unless

invested in United States bonds, pay from one-seventh to one-fourth of their whole income in taxes. The gravest anomalies are found to be inevitable. Thus the States have generally attempted to tax all personality belonging to their citizens, and at the same time all property situated within their jurisdiction; and the result is that the same stock or goods may be taxed twice over, once in the State where it is situate, and once in that where the owner is domiciled—a proceeding which, as the Commissioners show, is probably unconstitutional, and would be disallowed by the Federal Courts. Again, as in some States a taxpayer is not allowed to deduct his debts from his valuation, a merchant worth 20,000 dollars may be taxed on the contents of his warehouses, worth perhaps 100,000 dollars; and again, a manufacturer residing within the State is taxed on the whole value of his plant and stock, while his competitor who resides just outside the boundary, but sells all his wares in New York, is, so far as that State is concerned, exempt. The attempt to tax the capital value of mortgages, where the interest is limited by law, was found to result in the absolute impossibility of borrowing on mortgage; and the State of New Jersey, refusing to abolish the tax, was actually compelled to exempt from it the richest and busiest counties lying within the suburbs and vicinity of the great commercial metropolis. At the same time, all attempts to relieve the sufferers by this injustice open such opportunities to fraud as almost to defeat the tax. It seems that the idea of a direct tax on incomes is deemed too impracticable to deserve consideration, either as too inquisitorial, or involving too much reliance on the word of the taxpayers, or both. Consequently the Commissioners recommend the exemption of all personality, except stock and shares, from taxation; substituting an "occupancy tax," to be assessed on an assumed valuation of thrice the rental or rental value of all dwellings and buildings, and to be paid by the occupier of such, whether owner or tenant. This is in fact a house-tax in aid of a local rate on real property; precisely Mr. Goschen's proposal of last year. The Report casts light on many interesting fiscal questions, and mentions incidentally many curious particulars of the State finances which will well repay attentive perusal.

The *Great Industries of the United States** is a work of a very ambitious character. It aims not only at giving a general account of the industrial and commercial resources of the States, severally and collectively, but also at affording a detailed description of the nature of each, its processes, its machinery, and its products, as well as its history, fortunes, and statistics. The work is illustrated by an immense number of drawings and figures, explanatory and other; but those which really assist the reader in understanding the text are fewer by far than those which are, or are meant to be, merely ornamental. The descriptions include the largest and the smallest matters; the general principles of steam navigation and the details of the manufacture of hinges, railroads and nails, printing and varnish-making, cotton and brushes; and the dimensions of the chapters are by no means proportionate to the importance of the subjects. Altogether the book is, and must be, to a great extent a failure. It is too diffuse, and enters too much into minutiae for the general reader; it cannot serve to instruct the student of any special art or craft in the practical knowledge either of its principles or its operations. But by judicious skipping and selection it may no doubt be made useful and serviceable as a book of reference, in default of any more convenient and better arranged work of equally extensive character.

A treatise on Fashion †, "dedicated to the Government and the gallant people of the United States," covers a considerable variety of subjects, practical and theoretical, historic and contemporary. It deals with the philosophy of fashion, the history of dress, appropriate costumes for consular and diplomatic officers, European and American wedding-dresses; the etiquette of dinners, dances, and promenades, with their respective costumes; the etiquette of courtship and of commerce; and, in short, the fashions and manners of the world at large. To the unfashionable reader it may possibly be instructive—we are too ignorant to judge; to those who do not desire to be instructed it is certainly not amusing.

The *Kedge Anchor* ‡ is a manual of seamanship—not navigation and explanation of sea terms, strongly recommended by some officers of experience to the attention of young sailors.

Mr. Clarence King's account of his adventures in the Sierra Nevada §, while engaged in the conduct of an official survey of that region, are lively and interesting, and afford a vivid picture of not the least striking part of the central wilds of that vast territory which is now included in the empire of the United States. The author is evidently one of those who enjoy a rude

* *The Great Industries of the United States; being an Historical Summary of the Origin, Growth, and Perfection of the Chief Industrial Arts of this Country.* By Horace Greeley, Leon Case, Edward Howland, John B. Gough, Philip Ripley, F. B. Perkins, and other Eminent Writers upon Political and Social Economy, Mechanics, Manufacturers, &c., &c. Hartford: Burr & Hyde. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Fashion; the Power that Influences the World. The Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Dress and Fashion.* By George P. Fox. Revised and Enlarged. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Kedge Anchor; or, Young Sailors' Assistant. Appertaining to the Practical Evolutions of Modern Seamanship, Rigging, Knotting, Splicing, &c., applicable to Ships of War and others; also, Tables of Rigging, Sails, &c., &c., relative to every Class of Vessels.* By William N. Brady, Sailing-Master, U.S.N. Eighteenth Edition, Improved and Enlarged. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.* By Clarence King. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

* *Draft Outlines of an International Code.* By David Dudley Field. New York: Dimesy & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Second Report of the Commissioners to Revise the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of Taxes in the State of New York; with a Code of Laws relative to Assessment and Taxation.* David A. Wells, Edwin Dodge, George W. Cayler, Commissioners. Albany: The Argus Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

outdoor life, with a sufficiency of peril and hardship to give it interest, with true manly heartiness, and his style, if now and then a little lax and flippant, is unaffected and intelligible in comparison with that of the generality of American narratives of Western exploration and adventure.

*Bits of Travel**, by H. H., were picked up chiefly in Germany, the Alps, and Northern Italy. The style is rattling and lively, and the letters really resemble those that a clever vivacious woman might write if she had no one to talk to, and were consequently compelled to vent herself on paper.

Brigham's Destroying Angel† is the title given by Mr. Beadle, and perhaps by others, to one Bill Hickman, a Mormon who by his own account was concerned in the death of a considerable number of persons obnoxious to the Government of the Saints; and the volume before us professes to be his autobiography. It is clearly not written by Hickman, but may have been, as it professes, mainly taken down from his lips. It is rambling and incoherent, and certainly does not give the impression of perfect sincerity; but it is probable that in many cases the services of Hickman were employed in carrying out the rude justice common in the West in a manner modified by the despotic constitution of the Saints. Lynch law under republican forms would not shock Mr. Beadle; Lynch law administered by a despot, though that despot's power rests entirely on the suffrages of his people, takes so different an aspect that he can see no resemblance between the two. If the story be true, the Mormon Government must have sanctioned several wanton murders. But it must be remembered that Mr. Beadle writes as a bitter enemy of the Mormons, and that Hickman has never been confronted with any of those whom he accuses.

We have on our list two school-books of some merit—a Kindergarten‡ manual in English and German, from which many teachers of young children might gather very useful hints, and a First Book of Botany§, which describes the principal parts of a plant and their most familiar forms, and illustrates each of its definitions by outline sketches in a manner which cannot fail to render them for the most part clearly intelligible to an attentive and reasonably clever child. It is intended to be used with actual object lessons, real plants being substituted ultimately for the sketches used in the first instance.

Dead Men's Shoes|| is a "romance" of domestic life, of which the scene is laid in the South, and matrimonial squabbles, provoked by a violent assertion of woman's rights—but for fear of the authoress we should call it insolent—form a conspicuous feature.

Awful¶ is a little satire on the misuse of a very grave and significant word by young America, male and female; the remaining pieces in the book are decidedly inferior, and sometimes sink to the level of nursery doggerel.

* *Bits of Travel*. By H. H. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Brigham's Destroying Angel; being the Life, Confession, and Startling Disclosures of the Notorious Bill Hickman, the Danite Chief of Utah*. Written by Himself. With Explanatory Notes by J. H. Beadle, [Esq.], of Salt Lake City. Illustrated. New York: Crofut. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Kindergarten*. A Manual for the introduction of Froebel's System of Primary Education into Public Schools, and for the use of Mothers and Private Teachers. By Dr. Adolf Douai. Second Edition. New York: E. Slinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

§ *The First Book of Botany*. Designed to cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By Eliza A. Youmans. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co., and Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *Dead Men's Shoes*. A Romance. By Jeanette R. Hademann, Author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

¶ *"Awful," and other Jingles*. By P. R. S. New York: Putnam & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF ART AND INDUSTRY, 1872, at Kensington, will be OPENED to the Public on Wednesday, May 1, 1872. The Prices of Season Tickets will be: For a Gentleman, 42s.; for a Lady, 21s.; for a Youth under Fifteen years of age, 21s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Saturday, April 27, an EVENING RECEPTION will be held by H.R.H. the DUKE of EDINBURGH, K.G., in the Royal Albert Hall and Picture Galleries.

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THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—Only SEASON TICKET HOLDERS will be admitted to the PRIVATE VIEW on Tuesday, April 24.

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THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Wednesday, 1st, and Thursday, 2nd May, the ADMISSION will be 10s. each day.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Friday, May 3, the ADMISSION will be 5s.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Under the Patronage of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, and with the Sanction of their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, the Directors have the honour to announce that a GRAND FESTIVAL IN CELEBRATION OF THE RECOVERY OF H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES will take place on Wednesday, May 1. With a view to give fitting expression to the feelings which have prompted this National Celebration, the Directors have commissioned Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN to compose a GRAND TE DEUM for soprano, solo, chorus, and orchestra, to be performed by a force of exccutants numbering 2,500 performers. The solos will be given by Madlle. Titiens, Signor Fancelli, and Signor Foll. The second part of the Concert will be of Miscellaneous Music. There will be a Great Display of Fountains, with Military Band on the Terrace, and afterwards a Grand Display of Fireworks with devices appropriate to the occasion. The Palace will be open on this occasion at 12 noon. The Te Deum will commence at 4. The price of Admission to the Festival will be 5s. on the day, or 2s. 6d. by Tickets purchased up to Tuesday next. Single Stalls, 5s. and 2s. 6d., at the Ticket Office, Crystal Palace, and of all Agents.

MUSICAL UNION.—SECOND MATINÉE, Tuesday, April 30. Rendano, from Naples, Pianist (first time), with Maurin, Violoncello, Waffelberg, Lascier, and Lazarus. Quartet, D minor, Schubert; Quintet, E flat, Paganini. Schumann: Allegro and Adagio, Clonset Quintet of Mozart; Le Songe; Violin Solo, Bellini; Piano Solos, Henselt, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; and Family Tickets (for three) one guinea; at Lamborn Cock's, and at St. James's Hall. Members can pay the Visitors at Regent Street entrance; also their Subscription to Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Director, 9 Victoria Square.

MR. ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER'S EVENING CONCERT, on Wednesday, May 8, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at half-past Eight. Vocalists, Madlle. Carls, and Monsieur Valdes. Instruments, M. Schumann, Wiener, Zerkel, Daubert, W. Macfarren, Dannreuther, Beringer, and Schloesser. Conductor, Mr. Zerkel. Stalls, Half-a-guinea each, at Messrs. Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street; Messrs. Cramer's, 21 Regent Street; and of Mr. Adolphe Schloesser, 25 Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park.

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